THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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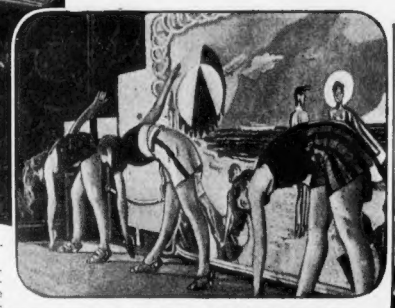
American Beauties

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive — No. 7 — "Way Down East"

Beach Costumes All Ready For Next Summer

To Give the Proper Effect, Backdrops Are Supplied by the Designer, Which Provide the Seaside Atmosphere.



Of Course, in These Fashion Previews There Must Be Some Kind of Show, So the Models Are Put Through a Routine of Physical Exercises.

A Fetching Knitted Bathing Suit Creation Which Won Much Applause From the Reviewers.

A London Manikin Demonstrating a New Bathing Costume for English Audiences by Showing It Through a Cellophane Wrapping.

OF COURSE, there is no magic by which the shops can suddenly fill their show windows with tweeds and other woolen clothes at the first touch of cold weather in the Fall. The coats and suits were designed months and months before and were being manufactured and shipped during the hot weeks of July and August. And so, too, the filmy and flimsy bathing suits, which will be worn at the beaches next Summer, were designed months ago and made up in the factories while the snow was whirling around the factory windows.

Perhaps the reader of this article does not know that the bathing suit she is going to wear next July has already been determined on and, indeed, manufactured. On this page are shown some of the bathing suit models for next season as they are paraded before the eyes of the dry-goods store buyers.

The job of setting the mode in seaside wear begins, naturally, with the designers. They take time off from their creative labors on evening gowns and street clothes to concoct a sufficient number and variety of bathing suits, beach pajamas and the like to attract the attention and win the approval of the thousands of women who take to the water.

When the designers have conceived the next Summer's styles and convinced the manufacturers that these styles are likely to prove popular, the actual makers of the suits start producing the ensembles for the trade.

The next step is the advance style show at which buyers sit around while bevies of shapely manikins — much easier to look at than most of the women who will buy such outfits — parade about in abbreviated outfits of wool, silk and other fabrics that can stand the sun, the water and the critical eyes of spectators.

The buyers, as skilled as the couturiers in guessing what members of the fair sex can be persuaded to wear at the watering places, study the ensembles with appraising eyes and confidently place their orders, weeks before their purchases will be offered to the public.

These previews, attended by select gatherings of designers, buyers and style critics, are staged with something of the care given a theatrical production. Only the prettiest and shapeliest manikins are permitted to wear the new beach clothes. Of course, the buyers are sufficiently schooled in their profession not to be pulled off balance by these proceedings. But the comeliness of the models doesn't do a bit of harm and it does enable the designers and makers to show off the new clothes to the best advantage.

The photographs on this page were taken during a style preview recently staged in London. The models were schooled in the art of walking gracefully and rehearsed a routine of exercises which were carried out against a painted backdrop showing a seaside scene.

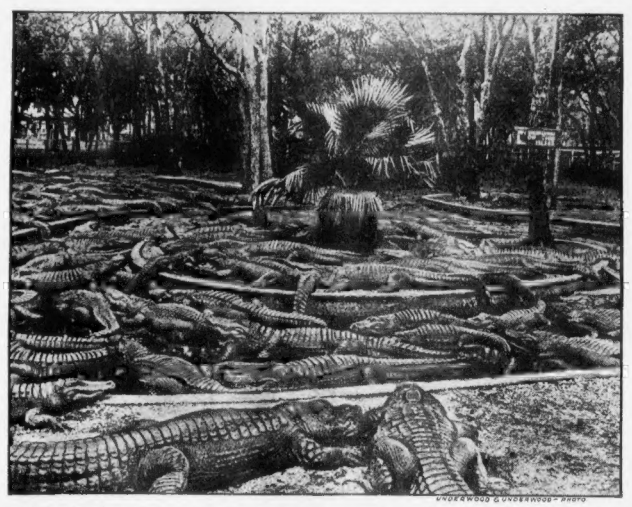
Trespassing Here Unlikely

OWNERS of fruit and vegetable farms have their troubles with light-fingered individuals who help themselves to apples, ears of corn and other products of the soil. Ranchmen in the West and Southwest know, by costly experience, that cattle rustling is a nefarious business still practiced by a few modern bad men of the Great Open Spaces. But the proprietors of a St. Augustine, Florida, farm—where this picture reproduced at the right was taken—have no fear of trespassers.

"It is one thing," the owners of this establishment say, "for a sneak thief to give his attention to a defenseless apple tree, or even to a hen roost. But it is something else again for a poacher to fool with an alligator. In the first place an adult alligator would be hard to get away with because of its size and weight and, in the second place, it is a dangerous brute, not to be tampered with except by trained experts."

The alligators shown in the picture look dormant and, at the moment, harmless because they are sleeping in the sunshine. But there's plenty of viciousness in those scaly carcasses and with one snap of its great jaws, a 'gator as big as the ones seen close to the camera could, and would, amputate a leg, or an arm.

There are, in the South, a few nervy and skilful men who can go into a swamp and successfully manhandle an alligator. But such men do not have to go around robbing farms: they can make a good living stalking the saurians and taking care of them until they are shipped off to the zoo or the tanning factories. The proprietors of the St. Augustine establishment have put up stout fences, not to keep poachers out, but to keep the 'gators in. They never have lost an alligator by theft.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—PHOTO

This Is a Snapshot of Part of an Alligator Farm in St. Augustine, Florida. There Is a No Trespassing Sign on One of the Trees, but There Is Hardly Any Need for It. Not Once Has Any Trespasser Cared to Stir the Resentment of the Lazy Occupants, of Which There Seem to Be Hundreds.

U.S. Helping Left-Handed

NOT so many years ago left-handedness, among laymen at least, was looked upon as an unnatural habit that ought to be cured. Hundreds of mothers registered worry if their youngsters showed a tendency to depend too much on their left hands in an essentially right-handed world and took steps to correct the misfortune. If chidings and verbal warnings failed to work, the favored left hands were sometimes encased in mittens and even tied behind the back.

In recent years psychologists have advised against any such manner of dealing with left-handed boys and girls and explained that being left-handed is as natural as being right-handed and that forcing a youngster to learn to be right-handed is a mistake that may have unhappy results. The effort invariably gives the normally left-handed person a case of nerves and, in some cases, causes stammering.

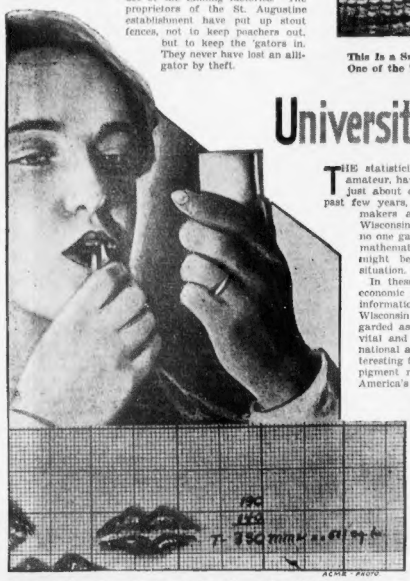
Right now the University of Minnesota is conducting a series of experiments to make life easier for the "lefties" attending that institution. It is believed that other schools may follow suit and that, eventually, business organizations will have the good sense to provide a certain amount of their furniture and equipment for left-handed people.

The young University of Minnesota student shown in the photograph below is left-handed. Thanks to the good sense of Dr. Bryng Bryngelson and other members of the faculty this young man has a chance to work at a left-handed desk. Even the pens that he and his "southpaw" fellow students use are especially designed for left-handed people. The shears used by these seekers after knowledge are put together "backwards" and even the pencil sharpeners on the classroom wall are made so that they are cranked by the left hand.

It already has been established that "lefties" do much better work and are less nervous when they are allowed to use their hands in what to them is the comfortable and normal way of doing things.

Left-handed Scissors, Desks, Chairs and Pens Are Now Being Provided for "Southpaw" Students. This Experiment in Making Life Easier for Left-handers Is Succeeding at the University of Minnesota.

University's Co-eds' Lipsticks Would Paint Four Barns



ACME—PHOTO

Recent Statistics Compiled at the University of Wisconsin Show That If All the Co-eds, of Which the Young Woman Above Is One, Placed Their Year's Supply of Lipstick at the Disposal of House-painters, There'd Be Enough Color to Paint Four Good-sized Barns.

THE statisticians, professional and amateur, have compiled figures on just about everything during the past few years, but until the graph makers at the University of Wisconsin tackled the problem no one gave much thought to a mathematical analysis of what might be called the lipstick situation.

In these days of social and economic shift and change the information assembled on the Wisconsin campus may be regarded as something less than vital and deserving of serious national attention, but it is interesting to know that if all the pigment rubbed on the lips of America's feminine population was placed end to end or, better, daubed on buildings, it would paint a good-sized town red.

The figure jugglers, so far as is known, have not attempted to extend their researches to national or international lengths. They confined themselves to their own campus and will leave it to other statisticians to carry on with the original idea, if anyone happens to be interested.

It was discovered, after dozens of co-eds had rouged their lips and pressed them on sheets of paper marked off into little squares, that the average lip area on the campus is slightly more than eight-tenths of an inch.

Having established this interesting fact, the searchers after truth made painstaking inquiry and learned that the average college girl reddens her lips 32 times a week. A simple exercise in multiplication revealed that the yearly "coverage" per girl is between nine and ten feet—9.68 to be exact.

The University of Wisconsin statisticians are not the sort to express their findings in tables of dry-as-dust figures of little if any interest to the average citizen. They decided to reduce their discovery to everyday terms. If all the lipstick used on the campus in a year was smeared on buildings, they announced, there would be enough of the pigment to cover four barns of the sort that are common in the State.

It might seem to many people that the laboratory workers in an institution of learning could find better ways to spend their time than lining up the co-eds and inducing them to press their red lips to white pieces of paper. The skeptic could suggest a dozen undertakings more important to the students themselves and to the country at large than this. But the makers of cosmetics were not at all put out with the lip measurers at the Wisconsin school for it provided them with a dependable yardstick by which to estimate the American market for lipstick.

The test made on the Wisconsin co-eds suggests all sorts of interesting and more or less important computations by the manufacturers of lipstick and other aids to comeliness. It might be possible, for example, to measure the face area of several thousand women with a view to learning the potential market for face powder in these United States. Similar studies could be conducted to get a dependable picture of what might be expected of the eyebrow pencil and nail polish trade.

One wag at the University of Wisconsin wanted to know how many skyscrapers could be given a rosy aspect if the yearly consumption of lipstick in New York were rubbed on them. The professors didn't have time to figure out the answer for him.

It is likely that the girls at the University of Wisconsin represent a fair cross-section of the entire country, as far as the size of their mouths go. On the campus there are young ladies with what artists call "Cupid's bow" lips, wide mouths and thin lips, small mouths and wide lips—and there are one or two studious girls who wear their mouths "au naturel" and never smear them with lipstick. But when all the imprints were taken and measured it was discovered that the average lip area is about eight-tenths of an inch. If the same experiment was carried on with thousands of women, the result probably would be the same. The conductors of the research, being free of any commercial interest in lipsticks, did not go to the trouble of figuring out how many lipsticks would be needed to rouge four barns.

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Obliging 4th Divorce of the "Mile-a-Minute Grass Widow"

Former Follies Beauty Marion Briscoe-Thacker-Tracey-Shaw-Engel's Interesting Reasons for Releasing the Husband Who Had to Keep Her Out of Mischief for Three Years to Keep Himself Out of Jail

(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N.Y.

Mrs. Marion Engel at a Beaux Arts Ball With Dr. Mark Stites, Who She Once Said Had Many Times Kept Undesirable Suitors Away From Her.

Mr. Engel, Who Has Just Been Divorced by Marion, at a Gay Party With the Well-known Actress, Luella Gear, Whom He Was Supposed to Marry.

Mrs. Marion B. Engel, When She Was One of the Reigning Beauties of the "Follies."

"Handsome Bill" (William B.) Shaw, Who Was Marion's Third Husband.

Luella Gear and Her Great Dane Mascot, Which She Has Trained as Her Caddy to Carry Her Golf Clubs.

"I'M always glad to oblige, so I am giving Freddie a divorce. He just can't wait to marry Luella Gear."

Mrs. Marion Briscoe-Thacker-Tracey-Shaw-Engel thus explained her presence in Reno, Nevada, and her unofficial grounds for getting rid of her fourth husband.

But it takes six weeks to be "Renovated," which is a long time in the bright, young ultra-modern set. Marion seems to have been literally right, that Mr. Frederick W. A. Engel "just couldn't wait to marry Luella." Anyway he didn't wait or she didn't or something else happened, for Luella says there's "nothing definite."

But the "mile-a-minute grass widow," as she has been called because of her many arrests for speeding and her frequent divorces, isn't annoyed at this change of plans and does not consider that she has wasted her time acquiring an unnecessary divorce. Among the "advanced set" a divorce is always a useful thing to have, like a permanent wave, and not wasted even if the party for which it was specially gotten is called off. Also Mr. Engel may marry Miss Gear next time or the time after.

Some suggest Freddie shied away from Luella because somebody, some busybody, showed him an interview given by the musical comedy actress just after divorcing her second husband, G. Maurice Heckscher, son of the very wealthy philanthropist, August Heckscher. In this she was quoted:

"In any marriage one person is, to a certain extent, a doormat for the other to walk on. It is healthier, I think, that this should be the man—men can stand it better. But tragically, often it is the woman. Women go soft from the beginning and the beginning of marriage is the very time for woman to assert whatever rights she wants. If she doesn't do it then, she's set a precedent, and is lost."

Miss Gear does not dispute the old adage that marriage is a give-and-take proposition but thinks that if one party should do all the giving and the other all the taking in matrimony, the stronger sex should be on the giving end. At any rate it is said Freddie does not want to be a doormat and doubts if it would be healthy for him.

Perhaps Luella feels that any man who isn't sufficiently ardent, at least before marriage, to let himself be walked on doesn't love her truly.

Marion charged mental cruelty and probably was thinking of that terrified and despairing expression she saw Freddie put on in the courtroom of General Sessions Judge Talley of New York County. Son of a wealthy manufacturer though he is, Freddie had pleaded guilty to what he called "grand carelessness" in passing a worthless check for $247 at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The judge said:

"I will not send you to the penitentiary. I am going to put you on probation for three years, but I intend to make you responsible for the activities of your wife.

"Any loss or embarrassment she may cause to anyone in this country will be yours to answer for. I can bring you back at any time, for any reason or for no reason at all."

"Did he say, ANYTHING she might do?" Freddie asked in a hoarse whisper. When his lawyer assured him that he had heard correctly, Mr. Engel turned pale and gasped:

"But suppose she runs over a cop with that sixteen-cylinder car of hers, I could go to the electric chair for it, couldn't I?"

"I doubt if it would be constitutional," answered the amused lawyer. "But it would do no harm to caution her."

"It wouldn't do any good either," his client moaned, looking anxiously at the former Follies beauty who stood beside him, with the expression of an angel. "The last time I kicked at her driving, she called the very cop I was afraid she was going to hit and he ran me in. Now I'm between the devil and the deep, blue sea."

The deep blue sea, of course meant blue-eyed, blonde Marion. On that occasion Marion was driving him and their friend Gordon Summit, past the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, at such speed that Mr. Engel became convinced she would kill the traffic officer, who had his back to them, directing traffic and unconscious of his peril. When "kicking" verbally made no impression, Engel gave her a kick with his foot, right in the middle of one of the loveliest calves that ever graced the Follies stage, lifting her foot from the accelerator.

The car slowed down but as it passed the policeman, its driver was shrieking like a fire siren. The officer, thinking murder had been committed, sprinted after the car until it stopped beside the curb.

There the siren stopped screaming, and asked the policeman to arrest Engel for kicking her. He sent them to the Forty-seventh Street station house where she changed her mind and after telling the lieutenant how horrid Engel had been, said to let him go. But the lieutenant insisted on holding him, so Marion ran out and got bail for him. Next morning his case was dismissed because she failed to appear against him.

If Marion had told the police that instead of being merely the divorced wife of William Shaw, the candy man, she was the secret wife of the man who had kicked, they probably would have realized that it was only a private family fight and released him. But then the secret would have been out and might have complicated her $100,000 breach-of-promise suit against millionaire A. K. Nimick, nephew of the late Andrew Carnegie, and worth $1,022,000.

To be presented at court is one of the swellest things that can happen to a girl and Marion has been presented fifty-four times. However, these were not at the Court of St. James, but four times in the divorce courts and the rest of the times mostly in police courts, where the presentation was made by Long Island motor policemen. That was why the judge made her husband responsible for her. Life on the highways was made more interesting if not any safer by constant speed contests between Marion in a fast car and the motor cops. Sometimes the lady got away and sometimes not.

One of the memorable occasions when she did not was the time Officer Fred Preston, of Patchogue, after a long and risky pursuit managed to get alongside of the fair speeder and shout:

"You are under arrest. Pull over to the side."

However, Marion is not the kind of a girl who lets strange men get acquainted, without an introduction, so she kept right on going until Preston pulled his gun and threatened to shoot her tires. This brought the lady to a stop.

"What's your hurry?" asked the officer and received the following wrong answer:

"You are a hick cop and a silly ass."

The officer then handed the culprit two tickets, one for speeding and the other for disorderly conduct due to her personal comments. He did not mind being called a hick because the Hicks of Hicksville are one of the oldest, finest and richest families in the country, but the other remark was out of order. Marion threw the little slips away and it took a lot of time and expense to get her to court where she was fined $40 and given a thirty-day suspended sentence in jail. For these escapades she became known as "Marion, the mile-a-minute grass widow."

When Officer Preston tried to make her come to court on a warrant, she jumped into bed and informed him she was too sick to be moved. Preston finally trumped that trick by calling with an ambulance, doctor and nurse, ready to convey her either to court or a hospital. At this Marion decided she would rather take her medicine in court than at a hospital.

No wonder Mr. Engel, finding himself responsible for such a person, viewed the future with alarm. For three years, every week, he had to report to the probation office on his own and his wife's behavior and twice a month a representative of the office visited their duplex apartment, No. 66 Park Avenue.

Engel lived a blameless life all that time and for a while Mrs. Engel restrained herself. Then she bought a new car, with a down payment and series of monthly promissory notes. When one of these for $300 and another for $200, came due she paid no more attention to them than if they had been court summonses.

The situation was called to the attention of the probation office which reminded the unhappy Freddie that under Judge Talley's order, he was responsible for any of his wife's "young ideas." Engel paid up promptly and never let anything get as far as the probation authorities again until that dreadful three-year mortgage finally expired. If Marion had been so obliging as to divorce him then instead of waiting until the other day, no doubt the court would have relieved him of that three-year liability.

In between Marion's four marryings and unmarryings she managed to squeeze in a $100,000 heart-balm suit against Nimick but before she could get it tried, it became known that she was married to Engel, and she dropped the "balm" action. In her complaint, filed at White Plains, N. Y., she said that he proposed marriage, that she accepted and it was all set. She sued, saying:

"Plaintiff spent large sums of money in preparation for the marriage. Her health was permanently impaired, while she has lost time, pleasure and remuneration in her profession as actress. She has suffered serious mental anguish and nervous strain."

Nimick was another obliging soul, putting off his own plans of marriage so he could devote himself exclusively to his mother, who rewarded him at her death with that inheritance of more than a million. He then married Miss Nellie Pearson, who had been waiting for a long time, [illegible] nine years she divorced him, cha[illegible]t that while she was in the hospital he improved the occasion by bringing another woman to their home in Rye, N. Y. Mrs. Nimick named Beatrice Dorothy Arnold as co-respondent.

Marion's friend Luella Gear has had only a couple of husbands but they gave her quite a lot of experience. Her first was Byron D. Chandler, known as the "millionaire kid," with nothing to do but spend the money his doting mother, Mrs. George Byron Chandler lavished on him. Luella was 20 years old and 28 years younger than the still so-called "kid" when she became his third wife.

Like most playboys the "kid" was lavish with his money but not unduly so on his own wife. He appeared to need it all backing shows of rival actresses and settling breach-of-promise suits.

Divorcing Chandler, she became engaged to G. Maurice Heckscher, with an income of $50,000 a year from a trust fund to say nothing of being the son of August Heckscher, one of the richest and most philanthropic men in the country. That certainly looked like a sound matrimonial proposition but just before the ceremony he went bankrupt.

For a long dreary while she and her husband had to explain to a receiver or a referee what they wanted to spend every nickel for before they could get hold of it. Then suddenly somebody wrote checks for about $750,000 worth of debts and young Heckscher was discharged from bankruptcy.

They were on easy street again but the marriage lasted only six years. The trouble, Luella says, was that she gave in to her husband's moods, thus making a doormat of herself.

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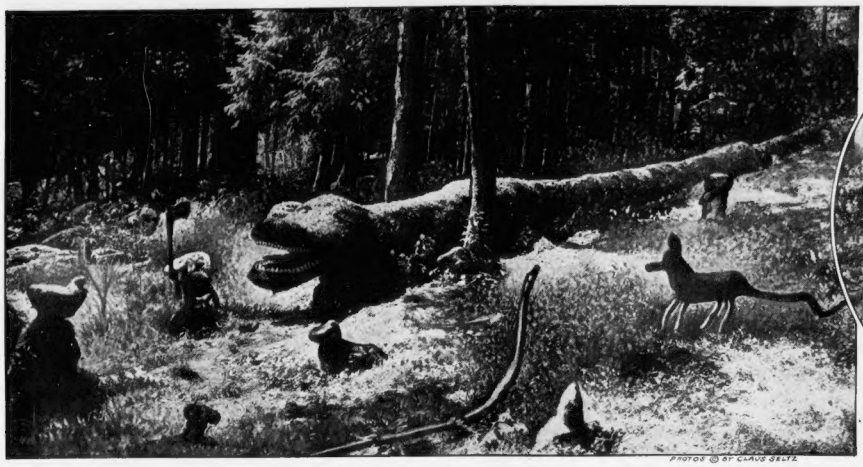
Horrendous Home-Made Creatures In Mr. Seltz's Forest Glade Zoo



PHOTOS © BY CLAUS SELTZ

Mr. Seltz's Biggest Monster, Evolved From a Fallen Tree, in the Forest Near Eastsound, on the Isle of Orcas. Note the Smaller Creatures Fabricated by the Zoo's Curator, With Nature's Help.

Boo! The Grinning, Chilling Countenance of the Synthetic Monster Is Photographed in Such a Position That He Seems About to Pounce on the Innocent Bystander.

THE Isle of Orcas, one of the San Juan Group in Puget Sound, is a place of peace and natural beauty. It has a resort where people go to rest and regain their health. Near this resort is one of the strangest "zoos" in the world, an enterprise that helped one man find his way back to physical well being and which would give other health-seekers coming on the spot without warning a bad case of the jitters.

The Orcas "zoo" is the creation of Mr. Claus Seltz who has converted an acre of virgin forest into a curious park that has attracted hundreds of visitors. During his walks in the vicinity of the cabin in which he lived, Mr. Seltz noticed the trunk of a large fallen tree. The tree suggested a monster to him and, with the permission of the owner of the property, the man went to work with axe, saw, shovel, knife and paintbrush. After weeks of work he had his monster—as fearsome a looking brute as ever roamed the Isle of Orcas, or any other island anywhere.

The job made the self-appointed curator of the zoo feel better physically than he had for a long time and the artistic effort involved provided a certain mental stimulation that called for more work of the same kind. So the imaginative and energetic Mr. Seltz attacked other tree trunks and odd-shaped rocks and fashioned them into strange-looking companions for the gigantic home-made monster that was just an ex-tree until it was made into the likeness of an alligator, or something.

An irregular chunk of lime rock, only a few feet from the monster's smiling maw, became a Bird of Paradise with feathers of pine needles and branches of cedar. A piece of fir tree, plus cleverly placed lengths of Arbutus wood and willow, was transformed into a deer with a longer tail than Mother Nature ever intended any member of that gentle species to have. A nine-foot length of Arbutus wood—seen in the foreground of the larger picture—became a serpent that has fooled a lot of people.

In time, as the enthusiastic Mr. Seltz warmed to his work, the patch of forest close by his cabin sprouted other "critters" fabricated of rocks and wood, bits of foliage and moss and such other raw materials as were at hand. And not all of the creations were caricatures of the furred and feathered denizens of the forest. Some of them were assembled to represent humans. One fellow, made of rock, is called "the Professor" and not far away is another stony-faced individual with a Napoleonic hat who is known to his maker as "the Officer."

Mr. Seltz is justly proud of his queer zoo and he says it was a lot of fun making it.

Riding Comfort for Pooches

MANY a vogue has started in Palm Springs, California, where the glamorous screen stars of Hollywood go to relax from their labors before the cameras.

The heroes and heroines of the talkies are as well known for their dogs as they are for their estates in Beverly Hills and for the shining motor chariots in which they ride back and forth to the studios. They take their dogs with them wherever they go.

It may be that most of these pampered pets would much prefer to run loose than to ride around in comfortable limousines, to make the round of the neighbors' back yards, bury bones filched from garbage pails, chase cats and engage in occasional canine brawls with others of their kind. But they seldom get the freedom necessary to these normal and exciting pursuits. Even when they go to Palm Springs on a holiday they have to curb their animal spirits and go a-riding in the manner shown in the photograph below.

This wire-haired pooch is the victim, or the beneficiary, whichever way you look at it, of a new vogue. When his mistress, free for a day or two from the lights and the grinding cameras, goes on her daily bicycle ride, he goes, too. But he doesn't get his feet on good old terra firma; he sits in the bottom of a wire basket fastened to the handlebars and regards the inviting landscape of trees and lawn—while news-cameramen snap his picture. He probably wishes that he could get a chance to lead what is commonly known as "a dog's life."

Just who was inspired to initiate the vogue for toting dogs in the cycle baskets that are a boon to grocery boys but an annoyance to healthy pooches is not a matter of record. Perhaps some imaginative press agent conceived the idea, seeing at once the publicity value of the innovation. Anyhow, the idea caught on at smart Palm Springs and at least half a dozen movie stars have been observed pedalling over that resort's highways and byways with baskets filled with four-legged pets. A few of the lowsers, accustomed to lives of ease, seem content to get over the ground in this effortless manner, but most of them seem to be thinking how nice it would be if they could leap out of their baskets and take a little exercise on their own hook.

Let it be said to the credit of some celebrities who take an occasional and much-needed holiday at Palm Springs, that when they get out into the "great open spaces" of the community, and away from the traffic and the eyes of admiring "fans," the dogs are permitted to desert their perches and stretch their legs.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Picture Players, Who Love Their Pets So Devotedly That They Must Always Take Them Along, Have Popularized This Pooch-Basket for Bicycles, Shown in Use by a Pretty Young Artist at Palm Springs, California.

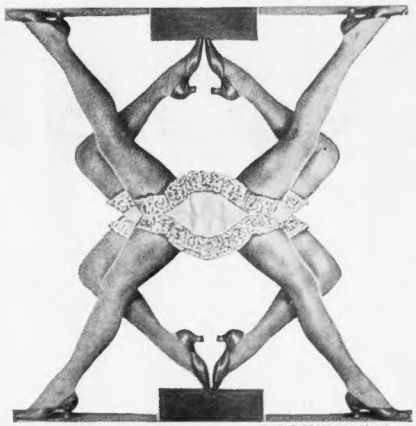


PHOTO © BY DOROTHY WILDING

A Curious and Pretty Study in Symmetry by Dorothy Wilding, Which Attracted Much Attention During the Exhibition of Photography in Commerce and Industry in London.

Design for a Nightmare

"IT'S done with mirrors," is all Miss Dorothy Wilding, eminent British photographer, would say when people asked her how she ever managed to take the unusual camera study shown above. Miss Wilding, despite the fact that members of the Royal Family and celebrities of the English stage come to her studio to have their pictures taken, goes in for such bizarre tricks now and again and gets a lot of fun—and plenty of publicity—out of her experiments.

She called this one "Form Fours" and she frankly admitted that the four sets of shapely legs belonged to the same young woman.

One well-known British artist who visited the exhibition at which the picture was shown studied "Form Fours" for a long time, and was moved to remark that the photograph proved that the repetition of a graceful design cannot possibly be anything but graceful—which truth probably was well known to Miss Wilding.

"Prams" Like the Newest Autos

LONDON.

TO PARAPHRASE an old saw, what's sauce for the grownups is sauce for the youngsters. In other words, if the automotive engineers streamline their cars, then the makers of baby carriages—prams, in the King's English—should give the rising generation a break and do likewise. As the photograph at the right shows, the baby buggy manufacturers have done just that.

This ultra-modern pram is as nice a job of streamlining as any proud and progressive young Englishman, or Englishwoman, could wish. From its pneumatic tires to the gracefully curving top of its tonneau it is as smart as the new-day limousines which were the inspiration of it. As a matter of fact, the pram, and a lot of others equally modern in design, were shown at the automobile show recently held in Alexandra Palace.

The streamlined prams may not have knee-action wheels and no-draft ventilation, but they do have balloon tires and special springs which make it almost impossible to give the occupant a solid jolt even when the nursemaid rolls it over a curb—and the "windshield" is so made that it can be slid backward in fair weather and pulled down during rainy spells or to protect the little passenger from the dampness of those "pea soup" fogs that frequently envelop the British capital.

CLOSE PHOTO

At a Recent Auto Show in London, Visitors to Alexandra Palace Paid as Much Attention to the New-Style Perambulators as They Did to the Snappiest Streamlined Motors. The Picture Above Illustrates One of the New Designs in "Frams."

A Fountain of Youth for Livestock?

IF CHARLES H. GREEN, who works a 300-acre farm in Durham, Maine, wasn't the State Humane Agent—and if his neighbors didn't know him for a sane and conservative citizen—his stories about the waters of Shiloh Brook would seem greatly exaggerated, not to say downright fantastic.

Farmer Green has a cow named, believe it or not, Darling Cow. She's a Jersey and when he bought her back in 1916 she was known to be eight years old. She was a scrawny "critter"—until she was put out to pasture where she could drink from the waters of Shiloh Brook. Right away she began to pick up. She became a heavy milker and every year, up to last year, she presented her owner with a fine, healthy calf. Today she's 28 years old, and the average life of a cow is from 14 to 16 years.

Mr. Green swears by the Good Book that sometimes, after Darling Cow has drunk deeply of Shiloh Brook, a youthful gleam comes into her gentle eye and she kicks up her ancient hooves and gambols like a yearling. It almost seems that Shiloh Brook is a veritable "fountain of youth" for the aged Jersey.

If Mr. Green's remarkable cow was the only animal that had benefited from this supposed "fountain of youth" it would be easy to dismiss his theory as to the rejuvenating properties of the water that courses down from Durham's rolling hills. But it is a matter of record that other creatures have reacted in much the same manner.

Before Mr. Green bought the place in Durham it was owned by a man who pastured a horse where the animal could do his drinking at Shiloh Brook. This horse, as many people in Durham will solemnly attest, celebrated his fortieth birthday before he finally went the way of all horseflesh. And he was incredibly spry for his years.

Then there was the flock of sheep that used to graze where Darling Cow now gallops and romps, in season. People driving by used to remark that the sheep were a healthy looking lot and exceptionally active and when some of the oldtimers gather 'round the pot-bellied stove in the general store they will tell how some of that flock of sheep lived to be 30 years old and more—and all because they got their water from Shiloh Brook. A 30-year-old sheep is about on a par with a man about four times that age.

Long before Darling Cow was allowed to browse beside the supposedly magic stream, others of her kind were pastured there. Several of these bossies, cutting up just such capers as Darling Cow does, attained the ripe old bovine age of 20, and one, almost as durable and vital as Mr. Green's Jersey, passed her twenty-fifth birthday before she came to a peaceful end.

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Silenced the Song That Caused 20 Suicides

The Hungarian Police Forbid the Rendering in Any Form of a Strange Melody and Verse That Lured Its Listeners to Self-Destruction

The Opening Strains of "Oh! Sombre Dimanche"

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Scene in "The Green Frog" Where Jean Boros' Suicide Occurred; the First Violinist Is Playing to a Customer.

Maria Farkas and Esther Kis, Among the 20 Who Listened to the Song and Killed Themselves.

Ladislas Javor, Who Wrote the Verses of "Sombre Dimanche."

Raoul Seress, Who Composed the Death Song's Melody.

Mlle. Olga Kerekes, Who Sang the Death Song, and Going Back Into Her Dressing Room Took Poison and Died.

BUDAPEST, March 12.

"Y OUR song, 'O Gloomy Sunday,' has caused 18 young men and women, one old man and one 15-year-old child to commit suicide and we have reason to believe there are many others," said the police of this city to composer Raoul Seress and poet Ladislas Javor. "It is not immoral nor seditious but it seems to be a deadly poison to the mind of anyone who is unhappy in love. We ask you to withdraw the song from sale."

The authors, though poor and in need of the royalties from what promised to be the first real money maker they had ever written, agreed, as did the publisher. It was officially censored by the Society of Authors and the police promptly forbade it being played or sung publicly. They could not prevent pirated copies from being printed and bootlegged to persons who were curious to know if they could sing the song without jumping into the river.

The suicide song, as it is called, consists of only the two stanzas printed on this page which anyone can surely read without much feeling one way or another. And so it is in the original, Hungarian version. The words are neither better nor worse than those of a thousand other sad songs. The remarkable thing about this suicide song is that the words by themselves seem harmless until sung to that strangely malignant melody. In fact, two of the victims did not know the words and only heard the tune sobbed out on the violins of gypsy fiddlers.

Like most outbreaks of a new disease, there were quite a few deaths from this before it attracted public attention. The first to receive much publicity happened about two months ago in a cafe called "The Green Frog." The place was typically Hungarian. The Magyar clientele was noisy and sang or shouted to the music. They sat on benches and made open love to their sweethearts. Gypsy music in its strange minor key wailed and danced like the demon shadows that flicker over the camp-fires on the plains.

On this particular evening Jean Boros, a young carpenter, came to the cafe and seated himself at a table, alone, and conspicuous because he brought no sweetheart. He ordered a glass of leanyka, but he didn't drink. Instead his head was sunk in his hands as he stared in front of him, like a man in a dream.

Their chins resting tenderly against their violins, the musicians began to play "O Gloomy Sunday." At this Jean Boros shivered and then looked up. He beckoned to one of the fiddlers who sauntered over and played beside his table. In a low voice the carpenter sang the second verse and began fumbling in the breast of his coat, as he came to the last lines:

"Once more to behold you my dead lids will sever,
"Don't dread me, my darling, I bless you forever."

Then, like a terrific grace note, came an explosion. Jean had shot himself through the heart. Women screamed and there was an undesirable commotion as the manager ordered two waiters to carry Jean out and signaled to the gaping musicians to play something. In their confusion and haste to obey they started to repeat that same dirge. The manager shouted at them:

"Fools! Don't play that. Don't ever play that accursed thing again!"

At the hospital they found in Jean's pocket a note stating that he was broken-hearted because his sweetheart had been untrue. It ended by saying:

"I want to die, singing, 'O Gloomy Sunday' because that is my love situation exactly."

When the papers printed that story it made all Budapest conscious of the song's strange power. Hundreds had shuddered at it before but each had imagined that it was his own peculiarity. From then on all its victims in their last notes took pains to give the poisonous song a dreadful credit line. Here was fair warning for the public to keep away from a dangerous thing but, as so often happens, the public did the reverse. Orchestras were endlessly requested to play the suicide song.

For a person with no more than the average load of sorrow and worry, it only furnished a shuddery thrill, like looking down from a great height, but for men or women who had just lost the one they loved, it was an almost irresistible urge to go to the cemetery, like the hero of the song.

Esther Kis, a typist, received a letter from the man she had expected to marry, explaining why he now had other plans.

"O Gloomy Sunday," Esther wrote across it and bought herself a phonograph with only one record. Turning on the gas in her little flat, she played the suicide song over and over until the gas had overcome her. She died.

Maria Farkas, a girl who ran a newsstand, read a piece of news which caused her to go home and get her own name in the paper but she was not there to see it. It told that a young man who should have married her was about to marry another. On her way home she had gotten a cafe orchestra to play the suicide song twice. At home she wrote a note explaining how it had given her strength to do what she wanted, and then she hanged herself.

Ladislas Ladik, employed at the ministry of agriculture, raised his bedroom window and asked a street musician to play and sing the fatal song.

"O Gloomy Sunday," he wrote then. "My beloved has found a younger and handsomer man."

Laying down his pen he took out a revolver and shot himself.

What roused the authorities more than any other was the case of little Elizabeth Guyulai, only fifteen years old. The girl's mother knew of a sort of puppy love between the child and a boy of the same age. When the boy was sent to a distant boarding school Elizabeth had been very sad but the mother had not doubted that she would soon get over it. Late one night the girl stole downstairs in her stockinged feet, silently slipped out the door and into the street. A policeman stopped her but let her go when she said her mother was sick and she was on her way to the drug store. Instead she went right past the druggist's place and out to the middle of the Szechenyi Suspension Bridge across the Danube and jumped down to the icy waters.

Next morning, just as fishermen were finding her body many miles below, the mother was finding a letter in the child's room. It read:

"If you will have somebody sing, 'O Gloomy Sunday' to you, you will understand."

The next day three young men and three young women killed themselves in various manners for unrequited love and that song. Two students, a soldier and a policeman were among the next victims. As the Margithid Bridge, a beggar sang it and seeing that he was making an impression on a well-dressed traveling salesman, repeated it twice and then suggested that his interested listener should give him something.

"I'll give you just what that song calls for, my life."

So saying he leaped into the Danube and was drowned.

But the climax came when Mlle. Olga Kerekes, a singer and dancer at the Theatre d'Ujpest, near Budapest, came upon the stage and sang "Gloomy Sunday" to a silent audience. She finished the last verse with tears streaming from her eyes, and the house was strangely silent.

Mlle. Kerekes thrust out her arms in a despairing gesture and, turning, walked from the stage straight to her dressing-room. Minutes passed by while the house waited for her return, and to cover the strange interlude the orchestra struck up a lively tune. The manager went to the singer's door and called, but received no answer. He knocked again, then broke the door in.

The body of Mlle. Kerekes lay stretched at the foot of her dressing-table. She had taken poison.

It was then the police decided that enough people had heard the song.

There are some who think that the music is a resurrection of one of the old "fiend tunes" which tradition says existed for centuries along the Danube valley while Christianity was exterminating the last traces of its older pagan rivals.

It is an ancient belief that music is a language that can speak to the emotions as ordinary words appeal to the intelligence. Nobody doubts the power of martial music on the soldier or of sacred music on the worshipper but there is some evidence that it goes beyond that, as in the tradition of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. He played a tune without words which induced every rat in town to follow him to its destruction. When the town repudiated its promise to pay the musical exterminator, he played another one which moved all the children to follow the example of the rats. Nobody knows what really happened to Hamelin and nobody knows why this Hungarian song induced people to kill themselves.

The fiend or demon tunes were part of medieval black magic, unholy music supposed to have been composed in the infernal regions by some of Satan's musically-minded imps and each to have a supernatural power to accomplish some evil purpose. There was the witch's melody which they believed would cause even the truest husband or wife to go philandering. There was a homicidal tune that would make the hearer get a knife and kill the first person he could find.

Most fantastic of all was a murderous melody which was supposed to kill all by itself. This was the "Heart-stop" or "Heart-burst" tune, and fortunately was too complicated for anyone but a first rate musician to work. To begin with, the musical murderer had to catch the tempo of his victim's heart which would be hard for anyone but a sweetheart or a doctor.

Once he had caught the tempo and rhythm he would blend it in on a fiddle with the demon tune until the heart got to beating in unison with the music. Then the wicked fiddler would either slow the tempo down and down until finally the heart stopped like an engine turning over too slowly or he would gradually speed it up until the heart burst in its efforts to keep up.

The authors deny any knowledge of unhallowed music or that it was taken from any ancient source. Seress said:

"I am 32 years old and I have already written many songs which are well known and popular in Hungary today. In spite of this it has been difficult to earn a living. I passed most of my youth in the Great War. I entered the army at 17. Since the Armistice I have worked ceaselessly for my daily bread and perhaps that is the reason for the sadness of my music. One day I wrote some music which when I played it nearly broke my heart with its sadness. I left my little room at the time and went for a walk hoping to lift my spirits. I met my dear friend the poet, Ladislas Javor, who is as well known and as poor as I."

Javor then spoke:

"I am not superstitious but there was something mysterious in the air that Sunday morning when I met Seress out for a walk. We were neither of us very happy. I had just been turned down by my sweetheart. We walked along in silence for a while. Seress suddenly began to whistle the melancholy tune. I heard it and was nearly overcome with emotion. I put it into words.

"I began to recite 'O Gloomy Sunday.' The same evening Raoul and I went to the Csengey Restaurant and we asked the orchestra leader to play the music which we had just written down. The room was crowded and our song took hold immediately. Several people shuddered, but we thought nothing of it. Then came these suicides. Our success was short lived and we decided to withdraw the song. I had never dreamed that a song could be too powerful."

O Gloomy Sunday

O Gloomy Sunday—I waited, my dear,—
My arms full of flowers—for you to appear.
With prayers on my lips, my heart full of dreams,
I waited alone and in vain it seems.
Now tears are my wine and grief is my bread;
Each Sunday is gloomy and fills me with dread.

O Gloomy Sunday—my love come and see
A hundred white blossoms strewn upon me.
My coffin, a priest, wax candles aflame,
As slowly we move through the flowering lane.
Once more to behold you my dead lids will sever,
Don't dread me, my darling, I bless you forever,
This last of all Sundays!

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Strange End Of A Kentucky Manhunt

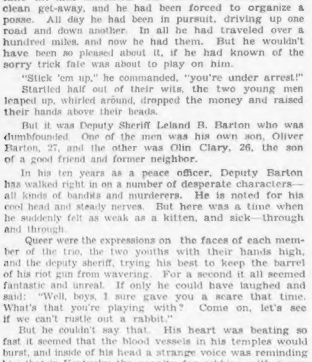
IN KENTUCKY, the penalty for robbing with a gun is death, or life imprisonment. Deputy Sheriff Leland B. Barton knew that well enough, but what he did not know was the names of the two youths he was hunting. Had he known who one of them was, his feelings would have been strange indeed, as he crept up behind them the other day, while they sat on a log, in a clearing in the woods, counting a roll of bills.

He was pretty sure they were the young men he wanted. A mile back down the trail he and other members of the posse had found an abandoned automobile, on the edge of a side road. It answered the description of the car in which the men who robbed the bank at Moorefield had made their escape, and in it were a pistol and a sawed-off shotgun. At that point, members of the posse had separated, and by chance, Deputy Sheriff Barton was the one who took the trail that led through the woods to the two men sitting on the log. When he first caught sight of them, they were about a hundred yards away, and had their backs toward him.

He checked his pace at once, and raised the barrel of his riot gun, to keep the backs of the two men covered. Then he moved forward slowly, cautiously picking his way, so as not to step on any windfalls that might snap or rustle.

Not what could properly be called an emotional man, his feelings at that moment were much the same as any deputy sheriff's might have been when about to close in on two men suspected of backing the cashier and the bookkeeper of a bank into a corner and making away with $400.

In fact, all he felt was a certain satisfaction at being lucky enough to have this opportunity of making the capture single-handed. He had been on duty in the sheriff's office when an excited voice had shouted over the telephone: "Come quick—the Moorefield bank has been robbed." Over the telephone he had heard the bark of a revolver as the cashier fired five shots at the automobile of the fleeing bandits.



"Stick 'em up!" the Deputy Sheriff Commanded. Startled, the Two Young Men Whirled About, Dropped the Money and Raised Their Hands Above Their Heads.

Barton had rushed out alone, hoping for a chance to take the men unassisted. But the robbers had made a clean get-away, and he had been forced to organize a posse. All day he had been in pursuit, driving up one road and down another. In all he had traveled over a hundred miles, and now he had them. But he wouldn't have been so pleased about it, if he had known of the sorry trick fate was about to play on him.

"Stick 'em up," he commanded, "you're under arrest!"

Startled half out of their wits, the two young men leaped up, whirled around, dropped the money and raised their hands above their heads.

But it was Deputy Sheriff Leland B. Barton who was dumbfounded. One of the men was his own son, Oliver Barton, 27, and the other was Olin Clary, 26, the son of a good friend and former neighbor.

In his ten years as a peace officer, Deputy Barton has walked right in on a number of desperate characters—all kinds of bandits and murderers. He is noted for his cool head and steady nerves. But here was a time when he suddenly felt as weak as a kitten, and sick—through and through.

Queer were the expressions on the faces of each member of the trio, the two youths with their hands high, and the deputy sheriff, trying his best to keep the barrel of his riot gun from wavering. For a second it all seemed fantastic and unreal. If only he could have laughed and said: "Well, boys, I sure gave you a scare that time. What's that you're playing with? Come on, let's see if we can't rustle out a rabbit."

But he couldn't say that. His heart was beating so fast it seemed that the blood vessels in his temples would burst, and inside of his head a strange voice was reminding him that in Kentucky the penalty for robbing with a gun may be death.

If the other youth had not been there, Barton might have broken down and said: "God Almighty, Oliver, what made you do it?" But he could not break down in front of young Clary. So he gave his head a quick shake, as if trying to throw off an attack of vertigo, and then he said in a very strange voice that was not his own at all:

"All right, pick up the money. Then let's go."

As he marched them down the trail, no one felt like talking. Nor was there any conversation, on the way into town, in the deputy's car. When they got to the county jail, Barton took his prisoners directly to a cell and locked them up. Then he walked into the sheriff's office.

"Those fellows who robbed the Moorefield bank, I got 'em," he said, and then he pitched forward across the sheriff's desk, in a dead faint. According to authorities, both youths have confessed.

"We saw Dad several times during the day, while we were playing hide and seek with the posse. We were up side roads when they went by. But I knew we couldn't escape. I knew Dad would never stop until he caught us. He's that kind."

Young Barton, so the father said, just didn't seem to be able to settle down, and had been in a few minor scrapes, such as passing worthless checks, but had never been convicted of any crime. A year ago he left home, and the father had not seen him or heard from him, until he found him counting stolen money.

"I only did my duty," the deputy sheriff said. "If Oliver had tried to escape I would have shot him."

When Weight Of Millions Failed To Thwart Romance

IF you had plenty of money, a young marriageable daughter, and a pet hate against a certain gentleman whom your child insisted on being very friendly with, what method would you take to prevent her from becoming the wife of that man?

Would you trust to her respect for your wishes and just leave it to luck that she would not marry him even after you were dead and buried?

Or would you make a will which would deprive her of a lot of your money in case she persisted and became his bride in spite of the fact that she knew she was defying you?

The late Mrs. Eleanor du Pont Perot Taney was worried by just such a problem before her death in the Fall of 1934.

She had a huge fortune, more than $5,000,000, left to her in trust by her dead father, Francis G. du Pont, one of the founders of the du Pont millions in Wilmington, Delaware.

She had a 25-year-old daughter, Justine Constance Perot, the only offspring of her first marriage to Robeson Lea Perot.

The Result of the $5,000 a Year Offer to Prospective Husbands Brought Justine a Flood of Proposals. She Was So Besieged by Ardent Suitors That She Left Town for "Parts Unknown."

And she disliked, more than anyone else in the world, as a suitor for her daughter's hand, their next-door neighbor, Victor Frederick Emerson, a yachtsman, an inventor, and a millionaire in his own right, twenty-two years her daughter's senior.

In order to prevent Justine from marrying Victor, who already had a wife with whom he was not living happily, Mrs. Taney left in her will a bequest of $5,000 a year as life income to any man who would marry her daughter and stay married to her, with the provision that this man would not be Victor Frederick Emerson.

She went even further and instructed her three brothers, Francis I., Ernest, and Alexis Felix du Pont, that they might take away Justine's entire interest in the du Pont trust if she persisted in her friendship for or married Victor Frederick Emerson.

The net result was exactly the opposite of anything Mrs. Taney meant to do when she wrote her unusual last testament. After Mrs. Taney's death, Justine was besieged by a flock of worthless and ne'er-do-well fortune-hunters who called her up on the telephone, wrote her flaming letters of love, and came to see her in person to offer themselves as prospective recipients of that tempting $5,000 a year offer.

Ardent and anxious suitors swarmed around the young heiress like flies around a jug of molasses. They were on her doorstep from early morning to late at night. They gave her no peace when she appeared at theatres or parties.

Finally, in desperation and weariness, she decided to leave town "for parts unknown" in December, 1934.

Now Justine is back in her home town, living not next-door to Victor Frederick Emerson, but in a large home in Villanova, a suburb of Philadelphia's fashionable Main Line, with him. For Justine is no longer Miss Perot. She is Mrs. Victor Frederick Emerson, the wife of the one man in the whole world who can never get one penny of that $5,000 yearly income which Mrs. Taney left to any other husband whom her daughter might marry.

It seems that the feud between Mrs. Eleanor du Pont Taney and Victor Frederick Emerson started about seven years ago, when Mrs. Taney began to notice her daughter Justine's affection for the elderly sportsman. Mrs. Taney wanted her daughter to marry a young man, preferably someone who, like the du Ponts and unlike the Emersons, was in the Social Register.

Mrs. Taney herself had not been particularly fortunate in her marital experience. Her first husband had been Justine's father, Robeson Lea Perot, one-time football player on the University of Pennsylvania team, and later an architect. Perot divorced his wife in 1919 on the grounds of incompatibility and some years later married Mrs. Jean Fox Turner, with whom he now makes his home in Germantown.

After the divorce, Eleanor du Pont Perot also took a second mate, in the person of Cecil M. Taney, a grandnephew of Roger Brooke Taney, who was Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court from 1836 until his death in 1864. This second marriage was a happy one, but unfortunately Cecil Taney died in 1932, leaving his entire estate to his wife.

When Mrs. Taney became ill in the Fall of 1934, she wrote her will. She did not mention the money her second husband had left to her and in due time, this fortune, estimated at $125,000, was given to Taney's step-daughter, Justine Constance Perot, by the Orphans' Court. Since there were no strings attached to it, Justine will keep this money in spite of the fact that she married Victor Frederick Emerson.

In her will, Mrs. Taney did mention her first husband. She left him "$25,000 absolutely." But she did place conditions on the money she left to her only child. Naming her brother, Francis I. du Pont—to whom she left "$250,000 absolutely"—, the Girard Trust Company, and Russell Duane, her attorney, as trustees, Mrs. Eleanor du Pont Taney wrote:

"Upon the marriage of my daughter Justine Constance Perot to any person other than Victor Frederick Emerson the trustees shall pay out of the principal $5,000 a year to such husband as long as he and said Justine Constance Perot are living together in the marriage relationship."

Mrs. Taney went on: "If my daughter, Justine Constance Perot, persists in her friendship for Victor Frederick Emerson, or if she marries him, which it is well known that I strongly oppose, then upon demand of any of the persons who would otherwise be entitled to the income or upon their own initiative and in any event only after receiving evidence of either of the above facts satisfactory to them, the trustees shall pay the income of said trust to those children of my father living at that time or to the descendants of any deceased child."

Thus Mrs. Taney held an even bigger threat over her daughter by giving her own brothers the right to take away their niece's large fortune.

Immediately after the will was published, and people learned of the $5,000 a year prize for marrying Justine Constance Perot, Justine was besieged with offers of marriage from all sorts of men in whom she could not possibly be interested. In December, 1934, soon after her mother's death, Justine left her home in Overbrook.

Just when she returned to town, no one knows. But it was before September, 1935, for it was in that month that she became the wife of Victor Frederick Emerson at a quiet ceremony at the home of her father, Robeson Lea Perot.

No announcements were given to the papers; no publicity was given to the wedding. The first Mrs. Victor Frederick Emerson had divorced her husband some months before he married Justine; this came as no surprise to friends of both, since it was known that their married life had been anything but amicable.

Today Justine is living happily as the wife of the one man in the world her mother did not want her to marry. He has millions and will not miss the $5,000 a year which he will never receive. He happens to be the son of Victor Lee Emerson, the inventor of the universal joint, standard on automobiles and other profit-making devices.

Both Victor Lee Emerson and Robeson Lea Perot are satisfied with the marriage of their children. Neither of them can see any harm in the fact that Justine has married a man of forty-nine.

What the late Mrs. Taney's three brothers feel about the matter remains a secret. So far they have not made any move to deprive their niece of the money which it is their right and privilege to wrest from her.

Friends of the du Ponts insist that the du Pont brothers will not bother to take this money, which runs into millions, away from their niece, because they have plenty of their own.

But whether they do or not, Justine has forfeited her right to complain. She has been friendly with Victor Frederick Emerson for years; she knew her mother objected to the marriage; and in spite of the strong words which Mrs. Taney used about the match in the will and her efforts to prevent the match by imposing penalties, love conquered and Justine Constance Perot is Mrs. Victor Frederick Emerson today.

Natives In Awe Of Arctic Trapper Who Works In Airplane

SHUNNED and feared by Indians and Eskimos of the far North who believe his uncanny feats of endurance stamp him as a supernatural being, Canada's mystery trapper, J. C. F. Dalziel, has gone air-minded. The only trapper in the North to own and fly his own airplane, Dalziel, who, though only 27 years of age, already is something of a legendary figure in the Arctic, reigns over a snow-bound empire of more than 500 square miles this Winter, tending a far-flung trap-line that will yield rich furs for the back of milady in the fashion centres of the world.

While more prosaic trappers mush their dog teams or plod through the snow, braving death in sudden blizzards that can easily kill unsheltered humans, Dalziel has adopted methods that may revolutionize an ancient industry inseparably linked with the early development of the great North.

Last Winter, Pilot W. R. "Wop" May, noted as the Canadian war ace upon whose tail Baron Richthoefen, the Red Knight of Germany, was firing when the latter was shot down, flew Dalziel to the fringes of the Barrens for a Winter's trapping and called for him in the Spring. That gave Dalziel an idea.

"We made the trip in a couple of hours from Fort Norman. It would have taken most of the Summer to get in by foot or canoe so I decided to learn to fly," Dalziel recounted.

So this last Summer, Dalziel took a flying course in Edmonton, secured his private and commercial licenses and bought a two-seater cabin plane with part of the proceeds of last Winter's catch of furs.

For six years, Dalziel has wandered over the far North, turning up suddenly in the Yukon, Fort Liard or Fort Simpson, always able to live off the country and never appearing in any great difficulties. He knew the frozen North and how to take care of himself.

"Yes, I did that for six years but it was pretty tough going sometimes. Meat was often pretty scarce. From now on it's the air for me. I can fly where I want and spy out the good fur country. From now on the whole North country is my trapline," he said nonchalantly.

"They say Arctic flying is dangerous but it isn't half as dangerous as the trap-line trail. With flying there's only one thing to go wrong really—your motor. On the trail there are a dozen things. Maybe meat is scarce. You might lose your rifle or your axe. In the Summer you might break through the ice or smash your canoe on the rapids," the youthful trapper recounted.

Fined For Brutal "Murder" Of His Fish

DOES a fish feel pain? This question came up in a court in Berlin the other day and it stumped the judge, who dodged the question. A fish dealer had been arrested for brutality in killing fish in his shop by stabbing them with a knife. It turned out that there was a law requiring that fish must be killed by knocking them on the head with a wooden club.

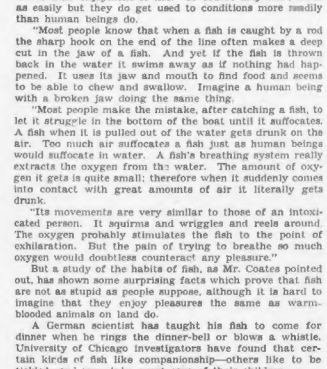
The fish dealer insisted that a fish could not feel pain and, therefore, the law was a foolish law. He asked the judge what difference it made how fish were killed since they felt no pain whether they were knocked on the head with a club, or their heads cut off with a knife. The court did not undertake to answer this question, but fined the fish dealer the equivalent of $8.00 for violating the slaughter-house ordinance of the city.

But does a fish feel pain? Does a fish have any sensations of taste, smell, or even sight? How can a fish taste what it is eating since he takes in his food in a mouthful of water? Was the unfortunate Berlin fish dealer right in asserting that fish have no sensations of pain and, therefore, the city law was a silly one?

Probably nobody in this part of the world knows more about the mysteries of fish than the experts in the New York Aquarium where fish little and big and from all parts of the world are boarded at the city's expense and when a fish takes sick these fish specialists have to know what to do about it. There are fish medicines and now and then fish surgery is performed. These people ought to know whether fish feel pain.

"Well," said Mr. C. W. Coates of the New York Aquarium staff, "fish have been known to survive the most serious wounds—wounds that would mean death to a human being. Fish have the most serious operations without even a local anesthetic. A human being under similar conditions would die of shock.

"In large schools of mackerel and herring some of the fish have no tails while others have big chunks bitten out of their sides by other larger fish. This doesn't seem to affect their enjoyment of life. Of course they don't swim as easily but they do get used to conditions more readily than human beings do.



The Dealer Was Arrested for Stabbing the Fish, but the Judge Didn't Attempt to Rule on a Fish's Feelings. He Fined the Dealer Under a City Ordinance.

"Most people know that when a fish is caught by a rod the sharp hook on the end of the line often makes a deep cut in the jaw of a fish. And yet if the fish is thrown back in the water it swims away as if nothing had happened. It uses its jaw and mouth to find food and seems to be able to chew and swallow. Imagine a human being with a broken jaw doing the same thing.

"Most people make the mistake, after catching a fish, to let it struggle in the bottom of the boat until it suffocates. A fish when it is pulled out of the water gets drunk on the air. Too much air suffocates a fish just as human beings would suffocate in water. A fish's breathing system really extracts the oxygen from the water. The amount of oxygen it gets is quite small; therefore when it suddenly comes into contact with great amounts of air it literally gets drunk.

"Its movements are very similar to those of an intoxicated person. It squirms and wriggles and reels around. The oxygen probably stimulates the fish to the point of exhilaration. But the pain of trying to breathe so much oxygen would doubtless counteract any pleasure."

But a study of the habits of fish, as Mr. Coates pointed out, has shown some surprising facts which prove that fish are not as stupid as people suppose, although it is hard to imagine that they enjoy pleasures the same as warm-blooded animals on land do.

A German scientist has taught his fish to come for dinner when he rings the dinner-bell or blows a whistle. University of Chicago investigators have found that certain kinds of fish like companionship—others like to be tickled—and some take great care of their children.

It is generally supposed that fish taste, hear, smell, see and touch but just how this can be proved is not known.

"Although the fish has eyes," Mr. Coates went on to say, "we do not really know how far it can see. However we know that blind fish are as able to find their way as well as fish that can see. Their sense of sight is thought to come from vibrations which they can feel through the water.

There is no sign of a fish's ear, but in one organ the fish combines taste, smell, touch, and part of its hearing. This organ is called the 'lateral line' and corresponds in a rough way to what humans call 'intuition.' In fact the fish's sense of vibration seems much stronger than man's intuition."

The "lateral line" is a series of small holes in the fish's skin, connected by a single canal. In some fishes the holes and canals are on the head. All these canals are connected by nerves to the brain.

The lateral line does many things, one of which is to test the water somewhat as the human nose sniffs the air for smoke or strange smells. But its chief function is to feel vibrations from a great distance. Some fishes in the Salton Sea in California could tell when a train approached many minutes before the human ear could catch the sound. Noises mean nothing to fish, as it was shown in aquarium experiments. They have no reason to fear noise, it seems.

"In fact," Mr. Coates concluded, "we have no reason to believe that fish, whatever their sensory system may be, can tell the difference between pain and pleasure, even if these terms, ordinarily applied to human beings, could be applied to them. In the case of the German fish dealer, science would probably uphold the fish dealer."

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Peculiar Problems of the Tallest Boy in the World

8 Feet, 4½ Inches on His Eighteenth Birthday and Still Growing, Robert Wadlow Has Troubles Which Perplex No Other Lad His Age

Robert and His Mother on His Eighteenth Birthday.

Robert's Light Breakfast Is One Whole Package of Cereal, One Quart of Orange Juice, Eight Boiled Eggs, Twelve Slices of Toast, One Pint of Jelly and Five Cups of Coffee—And Like Oliver Twist He Always Calls for More.

Robert Standing Before a Hotel Room Door With an Average Sized Attendant.

This Is Not the Photograph of a Man Walking Out of a Doll's House, But Robert Crouching to Go From One Room to Another in His Own Home.

The Giant Hand of Robert Resting Upon His Normal-Sized Father's Shoulder.

ROBERT WADLOW, the boy giant of Alton, Illinois, is now 18 years old, eight feet, four and a half inches tall and weighs 385 pounds. The best expert opinion is that he will ultimately reach a height of more than nine feet, which would break all authentic records.

By that time he should weigh as much as the entire five Dionne Quintuplets put together when these reach maturity. But Robert, being all in one piece, stands out as the world's prize problem child.

The American Weekly described him three years ago when he was a promising boy of 15, only seven feet, eight and a half inches tall. Now that he is fulfilling that promise, the troubles of this Gulliver in a wretched little Lilliputian world have multiplied.

Many of the troubles fall upon his parents. One might think that a boy growing that fast would need a large amount of food. His mother does not think it, she knows it. Mrs. Harold F. Wadlow can't place before him just one man-sized meal or even two. She has to give him four portions of everything he likes, which mathematicians would call the square of two square meals, or he told she is starving him. On an ordinary morning when the youth is not specially hungry, the following is a sample breakfast that has been accepted without complaint or bouquets either:

One package of cereal (preferably cooked), one quart of orange juice, eight medium-boiled eggs (he would like a dozen), two plates of buttered toast (12 slices), one pint jar of apple jelly and five cups of coffee.

Robert wants ten cups but does not get them because his mother thinks that is too much to be good for anybody, even a giant. The giant thinks he knows better. On one memorable occasion he managed to squeeze into a lunch wagon, whose proprietor was of a scientific turn of mind and offered to fill him up with coffee for a lump sum of 25 cents. The contract was promptly accepted and Robert absorbed 17 cups, slightly more than a gallon, and says he never felt better in his life.

The young man likes prunes enough to consume a dozen while he is at it or two dozen if any one is rash enough to let him have them at one time. When a restaurant waiter sets the usual three-prune portion in front of Robert, it is rather sad. But then the whole proceeding, when he eats in public, is a nightmare. If the waiter is told to bring four portions of everything, the check is as gigantic as the eater and all the other customers gather around his table to watch the phenomenon as if he were some sort of freak entertainer.

All the time he is in physical discomfort because the chair is so shallow that it is the same as sitting on the edge of it. Also it is not half high enough. There is considerable hazard that it will break under his weight. If so he will not have his legs in position to catch him as would be the case with an ordinary person and therefore he will land heavily on the end of his spinal column. The reason for this is that he cannot bend his knees under the table because that, like everything else, is only half high enough. If he does bend them, up goes the table teetering on his knees.

There is nothing to do but stick his legs straight out in front, causing his feet to project about a yard on the other side of the table where it is certain that every man, woman and child who passes will fall over them. They are large enough so that a motorist would see them in the roadway and have plenty of time to stop at 90 miles an hour. But in a restaurant nobody sees them because every one is watching the food being elevated to his face, which even when he is sitting down is above the average standee's head.

Much as his feet get kicked and stepped on, the contusions and abrasions at his opposite end are worse. He has learned to bend low passing through any sort of entrance except such generous-sized portals as those of hangars and locomotive roundhouses. But in a room, even when he has assured himself that there is enough clearance below the ceiling, he is likely to step backward into a chandelier or get clipped by the blades of a ceiling fan.

Women's footwear is more expensive than men's, but the Dionne quints will always be able to buy a half dozen pairs at wholesale prices far cheaper than Robert can ever hope to buy one pair. Nobody offers such monster shoes for sale and he must have them made to order, like most everything else he wears. With suits this is not so bad because the tailor merely puts in a little more labor and a lot more cloth but in shoes there are structural engineering problems. Ordinary shoe leather will not stand the stresses and strains that go with the weight and extra size and therefore there has to be much reinforcement with metals.

Fortunately the Peters Shoe Company of St. Louis, in the interest of science and advertising, have been building the boy's shoes free. The size is estimated as a perfect 36, being 16½ inches long and 12 inches wide across the instep. They say it costs them $200 a pair, for which he could buy a pair of fancy canoes. A canoe is something in which he has never set foot and never will, one of the thousands of things that are not for Robert any more than are the Crown jewels in the Tower of London.

Tooth brushes and hair brushes will do in standard sizes, though they are inconveniently small for his hands which are in proportion to his feet. Gloves would have to be made to order and prohibitively expensive, except that he does not bother with them. By skilful disposal of his bulk, Robert is still able to get into a taxi and have the door shut after him but he cannot ride more than a mile without getting out and stretching himself. When he performs this ceremony in a city, all business stops in the vicinity, traffic jams, babies fall out of carriages, older children out of windows, dogs bark and policemen come on the run.

The only way he could travel in a bus would be to lie on his side in the aisle or stretch out on the roof. If he ever gets rich he is going to tour in a suitable car, which will be a furniture moving van, with a mighty, throne-like seat and windows near the top. Train travel is equally complicated but has been solved. One way is to remove the backs from three seats and make a bed across four of them.

The hotel bed can be solved in two ways. They can either place three double beds side by side and let him sleep across the three of them sort of on the bias, or they can remove the footboards from two beds, clamp the sides together and thus give him a twelve foot stretch. This involves having the housekeeper stitch four sheets together in pairs and do the same for blankets.

Three years ago, an ambitious bed manufacturing company, hearing of the boy giant's difficulties in getting a bed to fit him—and looking upon it as a challenge—constructed a special one and presented him with it. It was 8 feet, one inch long. At the time everyone thought Robert at last had a bed that would serve him for the rest of his life. Alas, such was not the case. In less than a year, Robert had outgrown it, and had to sleep with his knees drawn up or his legs sticking out over the footboard. But last Spring the Wadlows themselves invested in a new bed as well as an arm-chair for their eldest. The bed measures 9½ feet in length. The chair as yet holds the boy's vast bulk but his family fears he will soon outgrow it, too.

As a husband Robert will have certain unique advantages. For one thing he will be almost as hard to steal as the Empire State Building. As long as his wife provides him with a chair big and strong enough for an elephant to sit in, a bed 10 or 11 feet long and board consisting of four to five portions of everything, and a few little extras, such as a gallon of coffee, a dozen eggs and 24 prunes, all served on a table that looks more like a speaker's platform, he isn't likely to desert that bed and board. No vamp in the world has similar accommodations to offer. He could not visit a lady without the whole town going with him and waiting on the sidewalk to see him come out.

However, his wife cannot expect him to take her to the restaurants or the theatre. If the manager would remove the arm between two of the seats, this would provide sufficient width and if it was in the front row the giant might stick his gigantic feet down in the orchestra pit where in the darkness they would perhaps be mistaken for a couple of spare cellos. But when sitting, Robert looms higher and wider than an ordinary man standing up. He can't go to football games unless he stands in the back because everybody yells, "Sit down" when he is sitting down. However, he can stand on the street and look over the fence which is usually not "giant-high."

Though his height would be an advantage in electrical work in the ceiling, his hands are too big to get into standard holes provided for mechanics. There are jobs waiting for him as a clerk in shoe stores, delicatessen and other shops where the goods are stacked on shelves almost to the ceiling.

But Robert is going to be a lawyer and there seems little doubt that he will be impressive in a courtroom where even the judge must look up to him. A prevaricating witness might well be startled into telling the truth if a hand the size of a ham at the end of a five-foot arm were suddenly shaken in his face and a jury's attention would hardly wander from a countenance that was addressing them from the ceiling.

Robert attends shoe industry conventions where his feet would be a nine-day wonder except that after two days of hotel meals and being stared at and pursued by crowds he goes home hungry and exhausted. If he goes out for a walk in a strange city, a crowd collects faster than if he were a brass band. They step on his feet, crowd and jostle him, but the worst annoyance of all are the wise-cracks thrown up at him, such as "how's the weather up there?" He says he hasn't heard a new one in three years.

The young giant is so weary of those stale jokes that he won't take it even from a pretty girl, as became evident during his brief stay at the shoe convention. Newsreel cameramen, after a series of "shots" of the boy giant alone decided to pose him with Pretty Fay Baim, who was there to show how nice somebody's 1-B shoe looked on her foot. Alongside of Robert's mighty 36, her pump looked like a lifeboat near a battleship.

Having set their cameras at just the right angle to show the great disparity in shoe sizes, cameramen then requested Robert to smile at Fay.

Robert, with the usual giant good nature, turned and grinned down on the diminutive blonde, who grinned back at him.

"Fine!" And the cameramen prepared to grind away. But, alas! Pretty Fay opened her mouth and froze the grin right off of Robert's face by asking about the weather. The boy giant quickly turned his head away from the surprised Fay's direction, and by no plea, however impassioned, could cameramen draw his eyes back to his companion's.

His revenge on crowds is to take pictures of them unawares. His hands are so large that he can conceal an entire camera in one with only the lens peeping out between thumb and forefinger.

Robert's parents, his two brothers and two sisters, are of normal size and his own weight at birth was eight and a half pounds. But for some mysterious reason, his pituitary gland, at the base of the brain and hardly bigger than a nut but having the job of controlling growth, has been working overtime ever since. At the age of five he had already achieved the height of a moderate-sized man, over five feet.

At present he is growing at the rate of three inches and 18½ pounds a year. A peculiarity of people with runaway pituitary glands is that they not only grow faster in youth but sometimes keep right on after reaching 21.

Jack Earle, an El Paso, Texas, lawyer, because he is 8 feet, 6 inches is considered to be the tallest man in the United States. Yet, when Robert is 21, he will probably top him by 7 inches. If he keeps climbing skyward, he will be 12 feet, 3½ inches at 35.

Some giants are dull and backward mentally but not this one. He has just graduated from high school in Alton with honors high enough to win him a scholarship at Shurtleff College, in that city.

What a lad for the football team!

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Just between us Girls!

Safer . . . and More Beautiful!

Safety, strength and sparkling modern beauty are plainly part of the picture in the smart and thrifty new Chevrolet with its one-piece solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher. If you buy in the lowest-priced field, see and ride in "the only complete low-priced car!"

To this curly-headed young lady, the solid steel "Turret Top" may be merely a new and more exciting place from which to view the world. But to her parents, it's the crowning glory of a car chosen for style, for safety, for sturdiness, for comfort. They like the clean and flowing grace of these arched and sphere-like contours.

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Every corner is a comfort corner in a car with Fisher No Draft Ventilation. No swirling air currents disturb the grooming of this obviously contented young lady. Neither does stale or smoke-laden air — for the trim Ventipane at her elbow is arranged to whisk it out and draw in fresh air in its stead.

* * *

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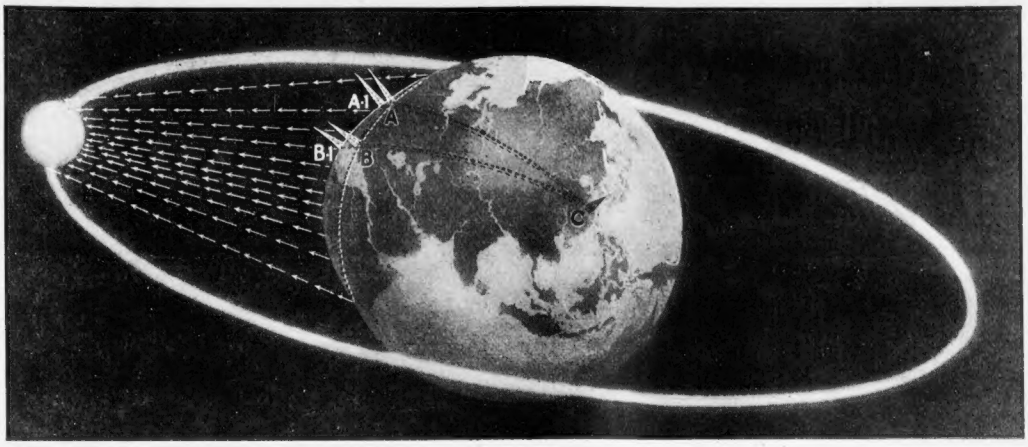
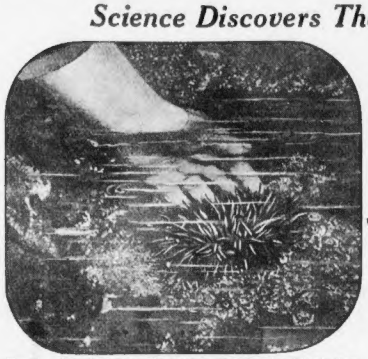
Strange Things The Moon Does To Us

Ocean Tides Are Caused by the Gravitational Pull of the Moon, and It Is Now Known This Same Pull Distorts the Continents, Producing "Bulges" Such as That Shown, Greatly Exaggerated, in the Diagram at Right

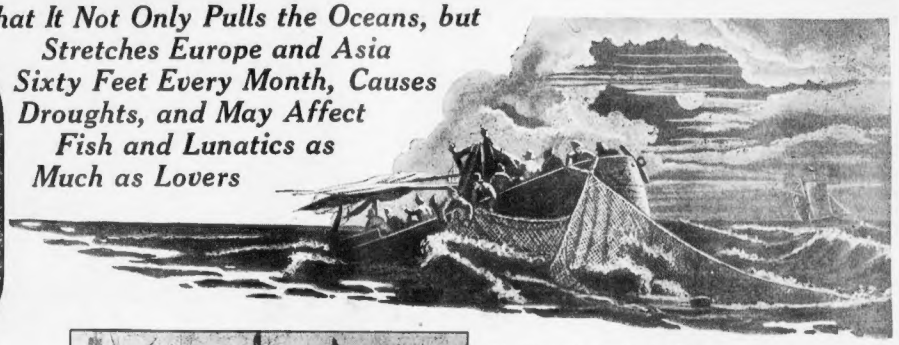


Chinese Astronomers Near Shanghai (c) by Cooperating with a German Observatory (a) and a French One (b) Have Discovered That the Moon Stretches the Continents Sixty Feet Apart Every Lunar Month

Science Discovers That It Not Only Pulls the Oceans, but Stretches Europe and Asia Sixty Feet Every Month, Causes Droughts, and May Affect Fish and Lunatics as Much as Lovers



The Moon Has Long Been Supposed to Have Peculiar Effects Upon Animals, and Science Has Found That the Sea Urchin, a Tiny Marine Animal, Does Actually Grow Plumper at Every Full Moon.



IT IS an old idea that moonlight makes people mad or other people excited so that they dance in the moonlight like the mythical nymphs, but it remained for science to discover that the moon sets the very continents to dancing and makes the axis of the earth itself tip over a trifle now and then in a sort of cosmic delirium.

Last year the moon dance of the continents was proved by the astronomical observatory at Zi-Ka-Wei, near Shanghai, China, by help of radio signals from the European stations at Nauen, in Germany, and at Bordeaux, in France. Careful records of the regular time signals from these stations over a period of many months proved that local time at Zi-Ka-Wei was a fraction of a second fast or slow periodically, depending on the phase of the moon.

The only theory to explain this queer fact is that the attraction of the moon stretches out the whole continent of Asia and Europe a little when the moon is in one position and allows the continent to snap back again, like a released rubber band, when the moon, in another position, exerts less pull.

The stretch of the whole continent amounts, of course, to only a small fraction of the length of the rock mass in between. The Chinese scientists estimate it as about 60 feet. During a part of each month, when the moon's stretching force is at its greatest, China and Europe are 60 feet farther apart than when the moon's attraction is working the other way.

It is possible that the whole continent shifts a little, too, with the change of the moon's attraction, but a mere shift would not explain the fact that China and Europe get farther apart and closer together. A real stretch and shrinking alternately are necessary for that. However, no scientist really doubts that the stretch and shrinking happen, for 60 feet is well above any probable error made in determining the local time in Zi-Ka-Wei, as measured from the stars, and the time in Europe.

The wobble of the axis of the whole earth for which the moon also is believed to be responsible also was detected by the astronomers, but in a little different way. By measurements of the stars, combined when necessary with measurements of time, it is possible to compute very accurately indeed what are called the latitude and longitude of any spot on earth, very much as ships' captains determine where they are on the ocean or surveyors locate fixed points from which to begin making their maps. So accurate is this astronomical work that the precise location of a great telescope in latitude and longitude often is known to within an error of only a few feet, much closer than a ship's calculation.

Most of the larger astronomical observatories exchange this information with other astronomers, so that when one observatory anywhere sees any object in a definite direction in the sky it is possible for any other observatory to compute easily in what direction that same object will be seen at any specified time afterward.

One of the observatories that makes such measurements is the United States Naval Observatory at Washington. Several years ago, Professor Harlan T. Stetson, then of Harvard, collected thousands of these determinations, chiefly of the precise latitude of the Naval Observatory, and compared them. Much to everybody's surprise, he found that the latitude apparently varied a few feet in a regular way every few days, as though the axis of the earth were wobbling.

That is what everybody now believes does happen, and that the cause of it all is the moon. Astronomers have known for years that the axis is not quite steady, but that it slowly moves in direction in space, like the wobbling of a top when it spins. The moon wobble is something different. The usual larger and slower changes in the axis can be predicted with considerable accuracy from the theory of the top-like device called a gyroscope, but the periodic moon wobble, one way for a few days and then back again for a few days more, cannot be predicted by the gyroscope theory. It seems, instead, to be a wobble forced on the axis by some outside force.

Again, it is the moon's attraction which is blamed. The earth is not a perfect sphere, but has a lot of bumps or warts on it constituting the continents, as well as a considerable bulge at its equator, not unlike the equatorial bulge on a fat man. Accordingly, the attraction of the moon for the earth is not exerted quite evenly. A small unbalanced attraction tends to pull the axis of spin over a little one way or the other depending on which side of the earth the moon is at the time.

Probably the position of the North and South Poles is affected a little at the same time that the moon makes the axis wobble a little in space. Unfortunately, however, no one is likely for some time to live at either the North Pole or the South Pole long enough to observe any such migrations, and the polar explorers have discovered that it is hard enough to find the exact pole even with an error of ten or fifteen miles, let alone a few feet.

So far as anyone knows, the wobble of the earth's axis when the moon calls to it, or the dance of the continents to another lunar tune has no effect on human beings, but this is by no means true of some of the other queer things that the moon does. One of them is to affect the fish in the sea, so that fishermen make money or lose it.

Another is to affect the weather, in such things as the numbers of icebergs that threaten great liners as they cross the Atlantic.

Scientists always have ridiculed the farmer's idea that the moon can affect the growth of crops and should be allowed to determine the day or hour when the seeds are planted. Science still sees no reason to believe this. Certainly the old-fashioned almanac's instructions about the phase of the moon when a farm task should be done, can have no significance. The moon rules differ in various parts of the world, so that it would be impossible for all of them to be right, anyway.

Yet even this ancient superstition may have tucked away in it somewhere a germ of truth, as may also the equally ancient superstition that some people are "lunatics," meaning they have been struck mad by the moon.

The real effect of the moon on fish and fishermen was attested only this last year by no less an authority than the staff of the British Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, which has been engaged for several years in attempts to find out why the number of herrings caught by British fishermen varies so widely from year to year. It was also found that the catches varied up or down from day to day, with the largest recorded when the moon was full.

There turned out to be changes, too, from month to month, so that the Ministry's experts actually were able to say that the best chance for a herring fisherman to make a good catch is when the October full moon happens during the second week of the month. Scientific experts still are at a loss to explain all these relations, but at least two facts are obvious. One is that the moon produces the tides, and that the height and nature of these tides vary from day to day or month to month, depending on position of moon and earth.

The direct and important effects of the moon's place on the tides can be calculated accurately and are embodied in the tide tables used by all harbor pilots. Less is known about how the tides in the open ocean are controlled by the moon, and less still about how these tides affect the herrings.

It is probable, indeed, that they do not affect the herrings themselves at all, but that they affect the tiny ocean creatures, plants or animals, which swarm in microscopic clouds in the ocean water and which form the food of herrings or other fish. The tides are known to affect the amounts of oxygen or of dissolved chemical food material in the ocean water of different places in the ocean, and these chemical changes probably have a good deal to do with the lives and deaths of microscopic creatures the fish eat.

Another probable effect of the moon on the ocean is due to the variation of moonlight. While the light of the moon is only a tiny fraction of the light of the sun it may be enough to influence some of the sea creatures, large or small, to float closer to the surface or farther below the surface, depending upon whether the moon is bright and full or is dark and dim. However this may be, it was known centuries ago in the time of the great Greek philosopher and scientist, Aristotle, that the dark and full of the moon do affect the sizes and habits of many sea creatures, from the lowly sea urchins, which grow plumper every full moon, to the highest and most modern fish like the British herrings.

Drought is another earthly happening that has enormous importance for mankind, as no dweller in the Middle Western part of the United States is likely to forget for many years, and drought is another item that is believed to be influenced by the moon. No one takes seriously, of course, any of the ancient moon and weather superstitions, such as that an upward or downward tilt of the "horns" of a new or crescent moon foretells whether the coming month will be a dry one or a wet one.

Mr. Herbert Janvrin Browne, of Washington, D. C., who died only a few weeks ago, had developed a world-wide reputation as a weather forecaster, sometimes for months ahead, on the basis of theories he had worked out concerning the piling up of masses of warm or cold water in different parts of the world's oceans, chiefly as a result of the water drifts caused by the moon.

From month to month, or even from year to year, the moon does not follow exactly the same path in the sky. Instead, its path varies a little year by year, partly as a result of its own irregularities, partly because of attractions from the other bodies in the solar system. These slight variations in the moon's place in the sky were believed by Mr. Browne to change its actions on the waters of the ocean and thus play a considerable role in determining which years out of a century shall be wet, dry, hot or cold.

It always was Mr. Browne's hope that some day enough would be learned for weather experts to predict weather months in advance or even years in advance. That certainly would be a great practical advantage, for example, in enabling city administrations to get ready for cold and snowy winters.

Still another of the moon effects is influence on radio. One of the investigators who discovered this is the same Dr. Stetson previously mentioned.

Only last year, during the eclipse of the moon that happened in midsummer, it again was proved that the moonlight has some influence on good or bad radio transmission. Even without an eclipse, the moon's radio influences persist, for there is other evidence that the mere attraction of the moon creates a tide in the upper layers of the earth's air much like the tide it raises in the sea. This air tide in turn bends up or down the upper layers of air much like the tide it raises in the sea, which are highly electrified and which now are known to have the controlling influence in carrying radio waves over long distances.

Still another human effect of the moon about which very little is known beyond the claim of some scientific men that it exists, is the supposed effect on the hour of human births. In an investigation made several years ago a Parisian physician computed that the number of births decreases when the moon is almost overhead and increases when it is about half-way between that point and the horizon, but no other scientist ever has confirmed these figures, and not even their author was able to explain why this relation should exist.

It Also Seems That the Moon Has Much to Do With Disastrous Droughts. Photographs Show a Middle Western Corn Field in Normal Times, and the Same Field After the Prolonged Drought of 1935.

The Old Belief That Herrings Run Close to the Sea Surface at Certain Phases of the Moon Is Apparently Correct. Illustration From an Old Painting.

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NO OTHER GELATIN DESSERT GIVES YOU THAT

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Or you can cut your cream cheese in cubes and alternate them with pearly-pink halves of pears.

* * *

For a garnish of loveliest pastel sea-green, chill part of your Lime Jell-O until syrupy, place the bowl containing this chilled Jell-O in a larger bowl of cracked ice or ice water, and then whip with the egg beater until fluffy. Pile around the mold like whipped cream, and decorate with strips of glistening preserved ginger.

1. Not that kind! I want genuine Jell-O!

2. No other gelatin dessert has Jell-O's extra-rich flavor!

3. Real Jell-O for me—every time!

Six extra-rich flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and Lime.

The Tragic Joke Fate Played On Playboy Colvin

After 9 Years of Almost Uninterrupted Hard Drinking Without an Accident, He Goes on the Water Wagon to Win Back His Wife, Only to Be Promptly Killed by Hitting a Truck Full of Liquor

Little Clarabelle, the Daughter of the Colvins, Who, With Two Other Children, Died in Their Infancy

The Pigeon That Flew in the Courtroom Hovering Over the Heads of the Colvins—an Omen of Death the Superstitious Believed.

Willard Colvin and the Completely Wrecked Automobile He Was Driving When Killed by Hitting the Truck.

Mrs. Willard Colvin Who, in Her Divorce Proceedings, Testified to Her Playboy Husband's Almost Continual Intoxication Ever Since Their Honeymoon, Seven Years Before

The Sad Face of Mrs. Colvin as She Alighted From the Train at Chicago With Her Attorney, Samuel A. Ruella, After Bringing Back the Body of Her Playboy Husband

CRASH! Speeding at 80 miles an hour over a Florida road a motorist hit a truck.

At once an odor of whisky pervaded the neighborhood of Sanford but it was from dozens of smashed whisky bottles in the truck. No taint of liquor was on the breath of the motorist as he breathed his last.

When the authorities identified the victim it became evident that fate had played one of the ghastliest jokes imaginable. The man was Willard Colvin, wealthy and well-known playboy who [illegible] doomed beyond hope [illegible] fill the proverbial drunkard's grave. According to [illegible] which he made almost no attempt to refute, the last nine of his 35 years had been in a state of almost uninterrupted intoxication.

Only a little while before the fatal [illegible] had reformed, for a reason [illegible] the water [illegible] years [illegible] even to hurt his [illegible] years should have planted [illegible] so firmly as to be [illegible] gallons of whisky, [illegible] with his last [illegible]

[illegible]

Many of the other drivers were as [illegible] himself, there [illegible] many of those [illegible] worst of all, drivers are [illegible] of the earth, some from countries where one learns to [illegible] emergency, some left [illegible] for anyone but [illegible] to understand [illegible] he never had an [illegible] daylight, on [illegible] hit a truck and was killed.

The truck slowed to make a turn. [illegible] Colvin's plans to pass it [illegible] where he could have passed [illegible] that in five months, he [illegible] learned how to drive sober.

Colvin's fatal reform was in order to win back his divorced wife, Hally McLeod Colvin, who, he testified, had been with him, during seven of that "nine-year-souse" swimming through the same seas of alcohol. But finally she had wearied of that eternal triangle of husband, wife and the bottle.

Bill contested the divorce, vowing that he still loved his wife and that she drank fully as much but gallantly admitting that she "held it better" than he could. Nevertheless Judge Burke of Chicago granted the divorce. Apparently nobody asked the seemingly foolish question as to whether Colvin, after being "jagged" for so many years [illegible] the water.

[illegible] Mrs. Colvin's two aunts, Betty F[illegible] Virginia Hally, who had testified for her at the trial, took the young woman for a quiet trip [illegible] practically [illegible] true, this [illegible] "believe-it-or-not" class. At the end of the trip she settled down [illegible] Chicago, with the aunts [illegible] Hally often said:

"What a pity that I had [illegible] When he was sober [illegible] sweetest [illegible]"

"But Hally," the aunts [illegible] each time "what good is [illegible] a husband who is never sober?"

There was no answer to that question but the aunts shook their heads as they realized that the pretty, cultured blonde girl of Wilmette fashionable Chicago suburb, who had eloped with Bill at the age of seventeen [illegible] mourned her loss. The two [illegible] aunts agreed that love was certainly a fearful and wonderful thing. If it was true love on both sides it should somehow find a way for them to [illegible] precious things of the past [illegible] become cheap and sordid.

Then one day the telephone rang. Hally did not say much [illegible] answered, but her face grew [illegible] When she finally hung up the aunts were not surprised to learn that Bill had asked her to go for a ride. Nor did they ask if she had accepted. They knew it.

"It was very romantic and sweet," is the way one of the aunts described the reconciliation.

"The next day Bill telephoned again and this time he extended an invitation for dinner and a drive. Of course, Hally went.

"The third day his program included the theatre—and he brought flowers. By this time he was calling her 'Baby,' his pet name for her, and she was answering him with 'darling.' I knew then nothing would stop them from remarrying. I wasn't very surprised when, although I'd been very worried, they telephoned me from Daytona. [illegible] drinking entirely, he said and he had lost twenty [illegible]

[illegible]

It is always easy enough to [illegible] wrong [illegible] they were right [illegible] young woman [illegible] Yet it was the wrong [illegible]

[illegible] himself forever from the [illegible] that had ever come between them and happiness. Nobody would have disputed that it was equally right she should throw the bottle out of her life too, in order not to tempt him.

He had lost twenty pounds in the fight with John Barleycorn, but he had been cold sober for five months, and Hally, who knew him better than anyone else probably is [illegible] that it was forever. [illegible] that it seems as if old John [illegible] in a fair fight, took this [illegible]

[illegible] spent the night [illegible]

[illegible] from his share so long as she lives. After her death, the residue reverts back to the Colvin heirs or to their descendants. Had young Colvin lived but five more years he would have come into the principal of his share also.

Liquor, lavish parties, innumerable separations and court battles had [illegible] the Colvins' [illegible] years of [illegible]

after which [illegible] reach Florida [illegible] ried. [illegible] young [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] about [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] couldn't make the trip and catch the boat-train but he did by chartering an airplane which cost him $765.

At Monte Carlo he lost $40,000 more because he said the Casino authorities took a mean advantage standing on their rule that gamblers must wear full evening dress at [illegible] They drank [illegible] to another for seven years [illegible] sionally there were attempts [illegible]

[illegible] them [illegible]

[illegible] is a [illegible] sport [illegible]

[illegible] France had been [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] proceedings [illegible] something flying and [illegible] over the heads of the Colvins. The court rapped for order but the [illegible] a pigeon which had [illegible] on the judge's gavel and [illegible] to his head.

Nobody thought of it at the time but since the recent tragedy those superstitiously inclined [illegible] an omen [illegible]

Only $615

. . and it asks no odds of any car at any price

*Illustrated—the 1936 Master Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, $745**

The most beautiful thing on wheels sets another economy record!

Wins Yosemite Valley Economy Run Under American Automobile Association Supervision

In California's [illegible] Yosemite Economy Run, held January 9th to 11th under [illegible] A A A supervision, Pontiac [illegible] that no car of comparable [illegible] price or weight gets equal gas mileage. [illegible] 23.9 miles per gallon for 352 miles [illegible] Pontiac Six won [illegible] price class—*[illegible] all other entrants*.

This [illegible] supervised test lends authority to the [illegible] of Pontiac owners reporting from 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas—and confirms the victories scored by Pontiac cars in various cities where Pontiac [illegible] entered [illegible] challenge competitions.

To big savings in gasoline, Pontiac adds even greater comparative oil economy, surpassing the oil efficiency of many smaller, lighter cars. So when considering cars in Pontiac's price class, remember that for gas and oil economy—you can't do better than a Pontiac!

Owners have always said so . . . engineering tests have verified it time and again . . *and now it's official*—the big, beautiful Pontiac is the economy champion of its class! Even small, light cars will find it hard to match this fine car's latest official record—*23.9 miles per gallon of gas for 352 miles of hill-and-dale roads!*

What makes this economy all the more phenomenal is the fact that Pontiac hasn't skimped on a thing. You get all the weight you must have for sturdiness, steadiness, and *safety*. You get the extra length and roominess you must have for comfort. You get the finest features money can buy, including every worthwhile modern advancement. You get dependability even greater than that of previous Pontiacs, many of which have now delivered over 200,000 trouble-free miles! And you get a car that gives you a thrill of pride every time you look it over—*the most beautiful thing on wheels!*

No, the Pontiac isn't scaled down for gas and oil economy. The big savings are a special added feature—*added to everything else you really want and need.* You can put your money in a Pontiac and know you've spent it wisely. *On any basis, you simply can't do better.*

Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes Smooth and sure in any weather	**Knee-Action Ride** For safety and comfort on any road
No-Draft Ventilation For fresh air, clear vision, perfect comfort	**Level Floors—Front and Rear** Foot room for all
"Turret-Top" Fisher Bodies The smartest, safest bodies built today	

SATISFY YOURSELF WITH SOMETHING BETTER—*BUY A*

Pontiac

OFFICIAL PRICE CLASS ECONOMY CHAMPION

**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard on De Luxe Six and Eight. Standard group of accessories extra.*

ALL PONTIAC CARS CAN BE BOUGHT ON G. M. A. C's NEW 6% PLAN, WHICH GREATLY REDUCES THE COST OF BUYING ON TIME

What Your Darling Child Really Thinks of You

Science Tricks Youngsters Into Telling How They Measure Up Dad and Ma, and Finds, Among Other Disconcerting Things, That Many Like Them So Little They Prefer to Imagine Themselves Adopted

"Mommey, dear; Daddy says where the —— did you put the Scotch." From Columbia Jester. Tests Showed That Many Children's Embarrassing Remarks When Company Is Around Are Deliberate Efforts to Punish Parents for Being Unsatisfactory

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.,
Professor of Psychology,
Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

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Charlotte Bronte, Who Escaped From Intense Dislike for Her Parents by Imagining Herself an Orphan and Putting Herself in Her Stories in This Character.

It Is the Common Belief That Children, Especially Girls, Think Their Father Such a Giant Among Heroes That He Could Give Them the Moon If They Asked for It. But the Tests Showed That Only Eight Per Cent Had Such Admiration for Both Parents, and More for the Mother Than the Father. (Picture by Charles Girod.)

The Intimate Conversation of Children Concerning Their Parents Is Not at All What the Parents Believe, Apparently. It Is More Likely to Be Ridicule or Disapproval Than Admiration. (Photo by Philip D. Gendreau, New York.)

Now I

Does Heavy Lady Fly

Her Father Weight Son Not to Step on the Scales and Add to Her Weight Is an Example of Parental Humor Resented by Children

Edith Maxwell, Sentenced for Causing the Death of Her Father Because of the Intense Resentment His Utterly Different Point of View on Life Caused in Her. She Is Shown Teaching Two of Her Jail-Mates

a period imagining their

orphans

It is among the ten-year

Professor Conklin found this belief most likely to occur. As a rule it comes and goes for a

may disappear entirely

son, however, this fantasy of being a foster child persisted acutely for 15 years.

The reason for believing they were foster-children was attributed by 35 per cent of these young people to harshness, partiality, teasing, fault-finding, family quarrels and other forms of dissatisfaction, mistreatment or peculiar family causes.

were further

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in her stories

orphans

writer, Dr. I

that Miss B

how if an orphan the heroines of her novels were, naturally enough,

said and did

James Mill, and his son, John Stuart

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New Secrets of The Sureté, The French

The Uniformed Police Watching the City Gates of Paris for the Passing of the Men Who Were on the Speedboat.

Mlle. Arabella Le Verrier Who First Brought to the Attention of the Police the "Call of the Fale Alii."

Delamarre, the Chief of the Band, Who Exploited the Legend of the "Call of the Fale Alii"—From a Photograph Taken Some Time Previous to His Arrest.

"Bertillon chuckled in the manner of one who is keeping back his words, the telephone rang shrilly.

"Le Verrier had pulled the instrument towards him and was [illegible] a cat and gripping both his arms from behind dragged him—screa[illegible] it when a sonorous voice, seeming to come from the table, cried[illegible]

"'Dominique Le Verrier—prepare to die! The call is for you[illegible]

"And as the deep, vibrant syllables rang through the room, [illegible] from the handsome clock on the mantel—the lights incontinently [illegible] explosion flung us against the wall, and in that moment the study [illegible] whilst an icy wind beat all about me, chilling me to the bone."

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is well known to the readers of The American Weekly. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), the foremost of all modern scientific detectives. Once more Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and in this new series now gives further examples of how the unerring instruments of science in the hands of highly-trained men often uncover the most carefully concealed trails of criminals and clear up the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records. Some of the details have been set forth in dramatic form and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."

CHAPTER IV.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police)

Copyright, 192[illegible], by Christy & Moore

(Continued from Last Sunday)

AS I pushed open the door of my laboratory I was greeted by the shrill music of Levallois's beloved ocarina. Evidently some unusual case had come along during my absence that puzzled the little detective. The acid notes somehow seemed to stimulate his deductive faculties. It was not often, however, he displayed his talents in my presence.

Catching sight of me now he hastily stuffed the earthenware pipe into a capacious pocket and surveyed me with a grin.

"Been put on a new case evidently," I grunted, "or you wouldn't make that confounded noise. What is it?"

"New—yes—and interesting in a way," he replied with a shrug. "The chief'll be waiting for you. I was to fetch you down when you returned. I b'lieve you've knocked about the Pacific Islands and the West Indies once."

I nodded, surprised at the unexpected question: "Certainly—I was mate of a trading schooner years ago. [illegible] wanted to be a sailor. But what's it to do with this case? You haven't by chance to investigate [illegible] on the [illegible] Island?"

Levallois [illegible] "No such luck. But Bertillon'll tell you all about it. So, as Rousseau's [illegible] 'C'mon!' They've both been [illegible] with the chief."

"It's funny [illegible] sometimes," Bertillon remarked, greeting [illegible] with a smile. "Cases that should [illegible] folklore and superstition rather than criminal investigation. Did you ever during your wanderings hear tell of the 'Call of Fale Alii'?"

"The 'Call of'—oh that's why Levallois mentioned the Islands. Wait a bit—it'll come back. The 'Call of Fale'—I've got it! Yes, there's a superstition I believe that when Tapu—or Uana—that's native sorcery—has been laid on a man or woman, they die the moment they hear the 'Call,' which varies according to the locality. It's a superstition indigenous to the West Indies and Haiti rather than the Pacific Islands. All witch doctors are past masters of hypnotic suggestion you know. The natives are convinced their 'Tavana aitu' has magical powers; and when he tells them to die—why, they just die. It's happened again and again. But why are you interested in native sorcery?"

"Because I've been reading a letter—sent me anonymously—in which the legend is set out in full," Bertillon replied. "It would seem the 'Call of Fale Alii' has come to Paris. My unknown correspondent states emphatically that the wealthy Leopold Douai, owner of most of the Martinique sugar mills, who died mysteriously at Marseilles not so long ago, was killed by the 'Call.' Douai was a Creole from Haiti, as no doubt you know. We've quite a colony of rich Creoles in Paris and it's not the first time Voodoo magic and other apparently supernatural tricks have been made use of to extort money from them, or to satisfy an ancient grudge.

"In this instance the 'Call of Fale Alii' is being exploited by a kind of 'Black Hand' association, and—I am quoting my unknown informant—huge sums have been wrested by its means from our Creole population. The usual method—a sum of money is demanded; if it is paid, well and good; if not, the victim is warned three times and if still obdurate, he hears the 'Call' and dies—suddenly and violently, but in such fashion that nothing can be proved.

"It is certainly true the mystery of Leopold Douai's death was never cleared up. The doctors thought he had been poisoned but no one could say how or by whom. That's why I dare not throw this absurd document into the waste-paper basket as I should otherwise have done. The writer knows something and more than once apparently absurd and inconsequent [illegible] have given us a clue. A pity this Marseilles [illegible] was outside my jurisdiction. There is a postscript to this long letter by the way, to the effect that the rich Monsieur Le Verrier—"

Bertillon paused a moment and looked at me and I nodded. "Yes—I know of him—he's also a Creole—isn't he?"

"He is—and it seems he is being threatened with the 'Call.' So one of you'd better hear what he has to say about it. He's only lately taken a house near the Champs Elysees. [illegible]—"

The telephone had rung and lifting the instrument with an impatient exclamation, Bertillon hurriedly plugged in.

"Yes—oh yes, certainly," I heard him say. "Very glad to help you. Yes—come at once."

Turning to me: "The long arm of coincidence! That was the daughter, Arabella Le Verrier, speaking. She's coming to see us immediately on an urgent matter. I wonder—" and Bertillon tapped his teeth thoughtfully with a pencil. "I'll wager she wrote this document. It was undoubtedly typed by a woman."

"Now how can you tell that?" I asked incredulously.

"How—good Lord! A private letter has countless characteristics, whether typed or written by hand. I say 'private' because a business communication being the expression of fixed and impersonal ideas, is very different, it only rarely reveals the writer's personality. The very addition of a postscript to such a long and carefully thought-out letter is feminine. Also—the formation of the sentences, the thoughts expressed in the letter, and even the punctuation definitely betray the woman."

Here Levallois giggled foolishly: "I sometimes add half a dozen postscripts," he murmured. "Nevertheless the chief is quite right," he grinned up at me. "I've read that thing; I'd say it was written by a girl of violent and passionate temperament such as one would expect in the daughter of a Creole."

"Well, well, it's easily settled," I replied laughing. "Here is the young lady herself, I imagine—" as our signal lamp glowed brightly.

A moment later an extremely attractive girl of the dusky southern type was ushered in by a municipal guard. Whilst the usual polite greetings were being exchanged, I saw her eyes wander several times to the letter still lying on Bertillon's desk, and I felt sure he had scored again.

He too had noticed her uneasy look and gave me a meaning glance. "You sent me this, Mademoiselle?" he remarked unconcernedly. "Therefore I can guess why you've come. Your father is in danger, it would seem?"

The girl sprang to her feet with a cry of amazement.

"But however did you know that, Monsieur Bertillon? I was told you were a wizard, but I never imagined you were clairvoyant."

Bertillon shook his head and smiled: "Call it science if you like, Miss Le Verrier, I call it reason and deduction. My reason said you wrote [illegible] deduction told me why you called. But [illegible] is hardly in my line.

"You state here that Leopold Douai was murdered by some criminals who are exploiting a native superstition. What proof have you for that statement?"

At the words the girl showed signs of uneasiness, and her creamy skin turned the mottled grey [illegible] men and women with Negro ancestors.

"You must never, never tell anyone I wrote this letter, Monsieur Bertillon!" she exclaimed vehemently, "unless you wish to see me die as horribly and mysteriously as poor Leopold. What you are pleased to call native superstition is a very evil, vital force, as real as electricity, though much more subtle.

"Poor Leopold Douai was my father's best friend and I've known him since childhood. He showed us several letters he had received demanding money and warning him what would happen if he refused. Like yourself, alas, he scoffed at the 'Call' and refused to submit to the extortionate demands of these criminals. What made things worse was that he tried to set a trap for them, although he had been definitely warned if he did that he would hear the 'Call' once, and die—and die he did."

"You mean by magic?" Bertillon asked, and he could not quite mask the irony of the question.

"You misunderstand me, Monsieur," the girl replied quietly. "Although it is not easy to explain. Of course I know all about this 'Call.' It is something—something uncanny. My nurse even—well—anyway, since Leopold Douai died of poison maybe I am wrong. But I do believe these witch doctors have secret ways of killing with impunity. Douai's murderers were never traced—were they?"

"And what exactly is the 'Call'?" Bertillon asked, impressed despite his incredulity by the girl's earnest manner. "I mean how—?"

Our visitor shuddered violently and half rose from her chair. Almost inaudibly she murmured: "It's—it's a native word. No one dare utter it—you hear it suddenly out of nowhere." Then rapidly, as though fleeing from his questions, she added: "Perhaps you've not studied the methods of native sorcerers? They are adepts of the science of words—words that possess power—"

"Of course—that was the belief of the ancients, especially the old Egyptians," Bertillon replied soothingly. "It's the basis of all black magic. But pray leave these abstract theories; I'm only concerned with facts. If I understand you rightly, the victim hears a certain word—'the Call' is that it?" and as the girl nodded: "And thereupon he dies. Very well—you see how illogical you are—like most women—" he added with a smile. "You admitted just now that Leopold Douai was poisoned."

"Yes, yes, of course he was poisoned—naturally he was poisoned. But the 'Call' warned him that death was near. Maybe its purpose is merely to terrify—to rob a victim of strength—I don't know."

"And you say your father—"

"Yes—daddy has received several letters demanding a large sum of money and warning him that unless he paid he too would hear 'the Call' and die as his friend did."

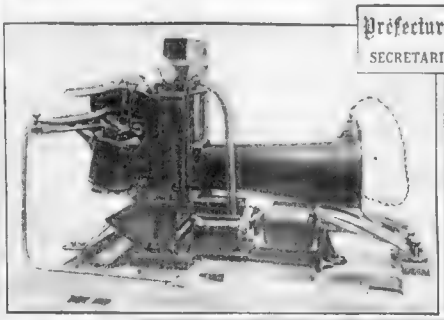
"Aha—now we are getting down to it!" my chief exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "Have you got those letters by any chance—no? That's a pity. When did the last letter come—a few days ago? Very well. I'll speak to your father myself this very evening, for I realize that however much we scoff at the theory of the supernatural, he is probably in great danger. I know that the natives of the West Indies, and of the South Seas, too, are adepts at poisoning. Until you hear from me again, please tell no one that you called on me—and do not worry; your father will receive adequate protection."

Evidently my chief's interview with Monsieur Le Verrier was in no way satisfactory, for when he sent for me the next day he was distinctly irritable.

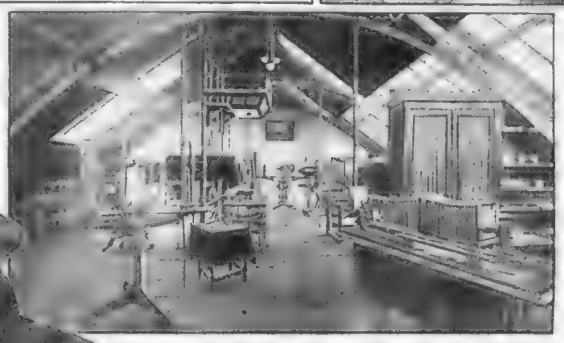
"Confound these superstitious fools! How the devil do they expect me to help them if they'll not

Detective Police

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratories of Paris, and Associate of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, Gives Some More Striking Examples of the Scientific Detection of Crime, Together With Photographs From the Official Records



The Curious Mechanism Used to React to the Word of the "Call" and Project Poison Gas Into the Room. It Was Found in Delamarre's House.



The Elaborate and Well Equipped Camera Room of the Paris Police Laboratory, Where Scientific Photography Is Applied to the Purposes of Criminal Investigation.

The Fingerprints on the Clock That Gave Bertillon His Chief Clue.

Mr. Ashton-Wolfe Disguised as M. Le Verrier as He Went on Board the Steamship in Compliance with the Orders of the Gang of Extortioners.

a good joke, and at that instant, as though to confirm

ctually lifting the receiver when Bertillon pounced like ning in terror—to the door. They had barely reached harshly:

Faa-uu-aa—Faa-uu-aa!'

e all heard a tiny whirring sound that issued apparently went out, and a blinding, purple flash and booming lded hissingly with an evil, blood-red fluorescence,

help me. Hardly had I opened my mouth when the fellow turned ghastly pale and nearly swooned with funk—and he's an intellectual, mind you, a man of science. Good job I hadn't told him how I came to know about the matter, otherwise poor Mademoiselle Arabella would have had a devil of a time I guess. He mustn't know she told me. I feel sure he hardly heard a word I said—he was so all of a duther. He absolutely refused to discuss the matter—beyond telling me he was actually trying to sell shares to raise the 100,000 francs."

"What!" Rousseau and I cried in unison. "Is that what those skunks are asking?"

"Yes—a cool hundred thou' and the confounded fool is willing to pay, although as things are just now it'll cost him four times as much. Well, I've at least managed to arrange with the girl Arabella that you, Levallois, shall enter the household as a temporary servant—gardener or chauffeur. The old man leaves all household affairs to his daughter; she says he doesn't even know how many servants there are, so that's all right. Her chance remark is very suggestive by the way."

And raising his forefinger impressively: "Watch the servants, Francois! There's the butler, a specimen of octoroon to whom I took a dislike at once, also a housekeeper, a valet-factotum and the cook, a Negro from Haiti; if those people mean to get at Le Verrier, they'll do it through the servants."

"But this 'Call,' Monsieur," I asked, "I don't quite get it yet. What the devil is it supposed to be?"

"Confound the 'Call'!" Bertillon burst out irritably. "I'm not bothering about such a farrago of nonsense, invented merely to terrorize superstitious Creoles and squeeze 'em for money. I'll wager Leopold Doual, the Sugar King, and that fellow Jean Galmot at Cayenne—were both poisoned by a servant. This gang uses the 'Call' to mask the truth and lead the police astray. In reality they merely bribe a servant to put poison in his master's food. They do it to thoroughly cow those who might feel like refusing to submit. I admit they're clever, damned clever.

"You'll remember the woman we arrested for poisoning Galmot was acquitted, and so far as Doual is concerned, we couldn't even prove definitely that he was murdered Fiendishly cunning they certainly are, but there is no magic about it—bah!"

Rousseau and I were taking coffee at the Deux Palais a few days later, when little Levallois came shuffling excitedly up to our table

"Ca marche, mes enfants, ca marche! This is going to be an interesting business. I've just given the chief a letter I found propped against the clock in Le Verrier's study. A kind of 'final notice.' Either he pays that hundred thou' or he's going to hear the 'Call' any midnight now, whereupon he'll swiftly die. Quite a friendly 'billet doux.' They are sending him a 'pay box' as they call it by post. He's to put the money inside, then he must take the night boat-train to Dieppe, go on board the Channel steamer and drop this 'pay-box' overboard when the boat is level with the old Whistling Buoy. Very precise their instructions are, and to give 'em their due, it's a confoundedly clever idea

"There's no chance of nabbing them there. They'll be waiting in a fishing smack or a speed-boat to pick up the cash in its floating strongbox, and since we cannot very well ask to use the Channel boat to chase 'em, they run damn little risk. It's nice, open space, the sea, with no cover for miles around. And you bet that one of the boys'll be on board too, ready to signal beware police if necessary.

"So long! I got to rush back now to intercept the parcel with the pay-box. Poor old Le Verrier mustn't get to know about this. He'd either pay or go crazy with fear."

I found my chief fretfully striding up and down his strip of carpet when, as usual, I carried in my work for that evening, and the moment he caught sight of me he burst into a torrent of abuse against the "'Call' gang" as he had named them.

"Look at that outfit on my table," he concluded breathlessly. "The audacity of the rogues."

For a moment I stared uncomprehendingly; when at last I gathered what the box was I roared with laughter

"Well—that's a new idea at least Monsieur; I see there's even a little propeller—a miniature wooden torpedo. But what's this bladder arrangement?"

As I put the question it rose downward on me suddenly and I could not suppress a whistle of admiration

"Why—that's a trick invented by the opium smugglers. Of course [illegible] der will float above the w[illegible] when blown up, and [illegible] abouts. Confounded [illegible] we going to do about [illegible]

"It'd be simple enough. [illegible] plied, sinking into his chair [illegible] "if Le Verrier would only [illegible] useless. I've almost decided [illegible] bout this. But I suppose I [illegible] him again to prevent him from [illegible] which is this:

If he won't go, he'll at any rate have to remain in his room, while you, made up [illegible] f, on a distance, must take that sea trip in his [illegible]. I've just been on the 'phone to Captain M[illegible] He is arranging for his motor-boat to be on board the Channel steamer, hooked to the [illegible] nd ready to be dropped overboard at a moment's notice

"As soon as you've dumped that thing, with a dummy bundle of banknotes, into the water, you'll jump into the speedboat—on the other side of the steamer of course. They'll lower you at once and [illegible] without slowing down [illegible] Afterwards it'll be up to you to turn your search light on 'em when they come for the box and after 'em full speed

I shrugged my shoulders: "We've tried that kind of thing before, and what was the result? We caught a few small fish while the big fellows sat quietly at home

Bertillon turned on me irritably: "Don't I know it? Nevertheless it's got to be tried once more. I would suggest that you simply follow those who come to pick up the money, but since you'll be spotted at once, you'll have to arrest 'em

"You'll be wondering why I am putting anything at all in the box? Be sure Le Verrier is being watched and they'll know if he goes to get the money from the bank

"I'll also send men on board the Channel steamer to arrest or follow anyone hanging about the boat deck as you get near the Whistling Buoy; perhaps we'll be lucky for once. Come along now, we'll call on Le Verrier."

"And you get the name of the night boat or the captain?" I asked as an afterthought.

[illegible] ented to remain locked in his bedroom until the following morning while I walked downstairs and out of the house, dressed in his clothes. Since he sported a beard and moustache it was going to be a simple matter to disguise myself so that at night I should be taken for him

My only fear was that one of the servants be[illegible] ged to the band and would try to warn the [illegible] We had, however, ordered the exchange [illegible] put through any call to or from the house until further orders and Levallois would see to it that nobody slipped out on mysterious errands

Bertillon had already talked with the bank manager, and when I presented myself as Le Verrier the cashier did a bit of sleight-of-hand, counting out a hundred clean, [illegible] nd franc notes for all to see—although w[illegible] I received and slipped quickly into my bag w[illegible] a dummy bundle of [illegible] paper

A [illegible] plain clothes men were posted in and [illegible] with orders to follow everyone the [illegible] once we felt convinced a spy was watching Le Verrier's house, and that it would be [illegible] the leader at once that their prey had [illegible] money to be paid over that night.

[illegible] I out to be a wise precaution, for one [illegible] who had stood close behind me during [illegible] operation, was identified as a well-[illegible] criminal, a half-caste nicknamed Jin-Jin. [illegible] e, constantly shadowed from then [illegible]

[illegible] I for our speed-boat as soon as I stepped [illegible] Arundel." She was ready, I saw, on [illegible] e, and could be dropped overboard the [illegible] passed the buoy, to starboard. Mc[illegible] excellent engineer, was leaning [illegible] rail nearby.

The bladder, when blown up, was greenly luminous in the dark, an old trick; but the miniature propeller at the back of the boat-shaped box was a novel idea

As I tramped up and down the boat-deck I wondered what the next twelve hours would bring—failure—or success? Captain Mahoney, good sport that he was, cheerfully risked a reprimand by putting the ship at half-speed again as soon as we drew away from the land, and I saw that several of the sailors were unobtrusively keeping an eye on those passengers not below, when we began to approach the Whistling Buoy.

With fast-beating heart I started the box's mechanism and flung box and bladder overboard.

McCallum had got the tarpaulin off our speed-boat; she was hurriedly swung outboard and into the water and we swarmed down the falls and cast off, fending her away as Mahoney rang for full speed. For a time we lay without lights while I

(Continued on Page 24)

Under Royal Patronage by Lady Troubridge

The Unusual Love Story of a King Who Became a Waiter and Then Became a King Again. Complete in This Issue.

The Count and the Duke Came Quietly Into the Crowded Room to Find Their King, Leaning on the Bar Counter, Wearing the Apron of a Waiter, and Laughing With the Patrons.

IT WAS after nine o'clock at the "Poulet D'Or," and the smell of cheap cigarettes struggled with the heavy odors of past food. For fifty cents you dined well at the "Poulet D'Or" [illegible] street in Soho, and the helpings were so generous that one dish served two diners.

[illegible] after [illegible]ht.

[illegible]

[illegible] in a [illegible] slipper.

[illegible] Miss Rosa [illegible] who sat behind the counter [illegible] bills, and sometimes helped Franz [illegible] in the rush-hour.

About this time she would leave [illegible] and the two [illegible] her white teeth flash[illegible]

[illegible] this [illegible] which [illegible] her and her rea[illegible]

She stopped at one table to banter [illegible] Spaniards [illegible] were [illegible] complaining of the dinner [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] her [illegible] about two seconds [illegible] of Nikki's poverty [illegible]

[illegible] she [illegible] It was not [illegible] she had sometimes of her uncle, when the pain in his [illegible] made him rage with impotent fury. Nikki would [illegible] rage, he would grow suddenly remote and look at [illegible] as if he did not see her. She meant to choose her [illegible] carefully, but a gust of painful pity shook her.

[illegible] she said, leaning forward so that only Nikki could hear her. "My uncle is ill upstairs, the doctor says [illegible] never be able to work as he used to. I am to [illegible] everything. It will be easily arranged. You take the whole dinner next time, my little Nikki."

But Nikki was staring [illegible]

"You mean to cheat your uncle because he is a sick man? I did not expect you to say these things, Rosa."

Rosa giggled, unabashed.

"I could not cheat him if I tried. Franz has to carry the big books up to his bedroom. My uncle puts on his spectacles and [illegible] he draws his fo[illegible] down the figures [illegible] the money and [illegible] Oh he [illegible] one!"

Nikolas Feodor [illegible] steadily.

The two [illegible] were [illegible] into their overcoats [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] I want to [illegible] There is always a way [illegible]

He shook his head. He was getting that funny look in his eyes again. She hardly dared say the thing that was in her [illegible] Yet [illegible] Rosa that if Nikki once passed through that glass-topped door and out into the street she would never see him again.

He would starve.

Very slowly, very [illegible] very proudly. No one would [illegible]

[illegible] her eyes.

The tables were all empty now. Franz was turning out some of the lights stacking the chairs together. He passed into the other room, and the [illegible] were more distant. Presently he would let himself out of a side door and Rosa would shut up the place.

"Nikki," she said, eagerly, "will you work here with me? I am in charge, but we need help. My uncle has told me to engage a waiter. Franz cannot manage alone, too many people come."

"A waiter?" said Nikolas.

The idea seemed to amuse him. He laughed.

"Franz would show you: it is not hard. My uncle does not give me much, but there are the tips, and he will pay for your dress-suit, of course. Oh Nikki, I know it is not good enough for you, but I will make it so easy."

He looked at her, considering what she had said. There was little to consider. It was that or starvation.

"I'll come," he said.

Rosa seized his hand and kissed it. This extraordinary action did not seem to surprise him, though he drew his hand away.

"Oh, I'm so happy. I feel a little mad. Dear Nikki, there is only one thing. Have you a little piece of paper we could show my uncle? Some good friend in your town or village who recommends you. Just a little letter to say you are honest. The reference. A reference, Nikki."

"I have no references," said Nikolas Feodor, "and no one would give any. I am," he said slowly, "a man under a cloud."

"Then," said Rosa, cheerfully, "I will procure one. I have a friend who will write all I ask her, for you. I shall tell her you are my fiance. What does a lie matter, for a good purpose?"

"I hate crowds," he said ungratefully. "I like to be unobserved."

"Who notices a waiter, Nikki? He is the man who brings you what you want."

"That's true, Rosa."

"Then you will come tomorrow?"

"I will come," he said, "the day after tomorrow. That will give you time to prepare your—your forgery."

Nikolas Feodor stood up. He did not possess an overcoat. His hat lay on the chair beside him. He picked it up. Then he stretched out his hand to her.

"Why do you care what becomes of me, Rosa?"

She was dumb. She turned her head away.

She Pulled a Low Stool Up Close to Him and Sat So She Could Look Up at Him, With Her Hands Clasped on the Arm of His Chair.

[illegible] good night, Rosa [illegible]

* * *

Franz was not happy in his mind.

Things were not as they had been at the "Poulet D'Or," in Monsieur Jacques's active days.

The takings swelled and the money was banked regularly. The "Poulet D'Or" flourished. Franz was not anxious on that score, any more than his patron. His trouble was one that he must keep to himself, unless he wished Miss Rosa to throw him out.

It centered around the new waiter.

Was there ever such a choice? Why, the man did not know a dish from a plate. He dropped things, he mislaid them, he was slow when he should have been quick, quick when he should have taken his time. He was, in fact, a fool.

His appearance was in his favor. Tall, slight, aristocratic-looking. Franz allowed him all these things, and bitterly he knew they were the reason of his having been engaged.

With a woman in charge it was bound to happen that a fine figure counted more than experience. Yet Franz was surprised. He knew Rosa. She was a shrewd one. Never till now had she let her fancies interfere with business, and here a dull pain knocked at his heart.

He did not deceive himself.

Miss Rosa loved this foreigner, loved him as Franz had always guessed she could love, as in wild dreams induced by much beer he had fancied she might have loved him, Franz.

That dream was over, it was the reality which troubled him. What did they know of this Slavonian, from one of those turbulent Balkan countries?

Slavonia, the most turbulent of them all, so his friend Stefan Grotz, late footman at the Slavonian Legation, told him over their beer sometimes. The revolution was ended, he said, the Republic in power, but Slavonia was [illegible] with smothered discontent. The left wing was frankly communistic, and the monarchists, harried, driven from place to place, had the secret support of many in the country. Franz shook his head.

To what faction had this fellow belonged, and why had he been skulking here, in London, never looking for a job, living heaven knows how, till Miss Rosa took pity on him?

Franz thought he knew.

He was one of those anarchists who work everywhere underground. Possibly he was wanted by the police, lying in wait to accomplish a daring robbery, perhaps even place a bomb.

As Franz dwelt on these things he sweated with fear till he thought of Stefan Grotz.

He could not give Rosa away to her uncle, his de[illegible] loyalty forbade that, but he could consult Stefan, Stefan who knew the wild doings in Slavonia and read their newspapers. Perhaps he could tell him something of this young man.

That evening he was free, and he sat with Stefan [illegible] the latter's favorite cafe bar, the Berliner, where the da[illegible] Munich beer filled the long glasses before them. And Stefan, led on by Franz, talked of Slavonia.

It looked as if the Republic would have trouble. The monarchists were gaining ground. There was talk [illegible] recalling the King, of striking a sudden blow and rous[illegible] the country. Stefan only wished it could succeed, but [illegible] that there was no chance. The Republicans were too fir[illegible] established, and up till now the army was with them.

The King, too, was a weakling, said Stefan. A strong man could do much. Still the monarchists were dar[illegible] no doubt of that. Even the newspaper was less muzzled. It printed the King's photograph this week.

"See!" Stefan pulled a folded paper from his coat pocket and spread it out between the tall glasses of beer.

Together they leaned over the grimy sheet and stared at the printed photograph of the man, who since he had not abdicated, was still King of Slavonia.

A young man in an elaborate uniform, with a long face, a flexible mouth and melancholy, heavy lidded eyes.

It was the same photograph at which they looked, but while Stefan saw Nikolas Feodor Anton of Menningen Alsburg, King of Slavonia, Franz looked into the face of Nikki, the new waiter at the "Poulet D'Or." Incredibly, his question was answered.

He glanced round him carefully, laid his hand on the arm of his old friend and began to talk to him in a hushed voice.

* * *

"Nikki," said Rosa, "are you happy?"

Her voice was soft, yet firm. They were together in the little back sitting-room in which there was seldom time to sit, even for a moment, but as Nikolas slept in the house now he was not obliged to hurry away.

Nikolas was in the big armchair smoking one of the Russian cigarettes with which Rosa had presented him.

He was less thin, though still lean enough, and the expression in his eyes was less remote. He looked tired, but alert.

"Happiness is a big word," he said. "I am content."

"I am glad, oh so glad, Nikki, for I have so much to say and it is no use to say it if you are not content."

She pulled a low stool close to him and sat so that she could look up at him, with her hands clasped on the arm of his chair.

Over her head Nikolas stared at the room. It was quiet and snug and safe, a strange little backwater in the roaring river of life. He laid his long hand on her clasped ones.

"What do you wish to say, Rosa?"

"The doctor has been to see my uncle. He is to be moved, to live in the country with his old sister, my aunt. He will retire and I shall take his place [illegible] make changes, improvements. My uncle is willing to this. He will hand me over my dot, on one condition, that I find a good husband, and, oh, Nikki, I have found him."

The long hand lying on her own moved away. He looked surprised, a little sad.

"You are going to be married, Rosa?"

She captured his hand again, laid her cheek upon it.

"Yes, Nikki—to you."

Again Nikolas looked over her head, and the walls of the room in which he sat changed. He was in quite another room, gilded, tapestried, and old. He heard his own voice speaking, saying, "Then you will marry me, Olga?" and a girl's voice answering, "Yes, Nikolas, I will marry you."

But that was in another world. A vast, terrible world where dangers threatened you at every turn; a world of dangers and delights and the glory that goes with these things.

A world where you had to think, and plan, and be wary, where you could not trust many people, and could only love where you were allowed to love. A world where you had to meet sudden emergencies and call on reserves of strength which perhaps were not there.

You might be happy in that world, if you were fitted for it; you could never be at peace.

In this strange little out-of-the-way corner there was peace. Peace, and love.

The kind of love which adores and protects, which kneels and shelters. The love a tired man needs. To marry Rosa. To live here for ever. Absurd, unthinkable—yet pleasant. No more dream-haunted nights and days of ghastly loneliness.

But there was Rosa to be thought of, Rosa, who just took him on trust, in utter ignorance.

"But you know nothing about me, Rosa."

"I will never marry anyone but you, Nikki. If you refuse me, I will die as I am...I need you terribly, and oh, Nikki, my poor Nikki, you need me."

"But Rosa, I am..."

The words died on his lips. They were too ridiculous.

(Continued on Page 22)

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Sea Shroud by Stanton Gray

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible] tries to push him over a cliff and someone attempts to poison his drinking water. The scientist tells Celia and Dion that Garrett is his [illegible] marines to check up on the model's test flight and deliver a lecture. [illegible] the spy in the darkened house. There are two rifle shots and [illegible] laboratory with a puncture in his heart. He was apparently killed by [illegible] lost his profes- [illegible] to the death of [illegible] son. The doctor may fear Garrett has come to arrest him. Garrett's [illegible] is found hidden in Dion's room [illegible] in Sako's chest [illegible]. In the dining room a knife is [illegible] in the fog outside. When they return, the knife is gone.

Questioning reveals that Dion was out during the evening. He has been [illegible] Susan [illegible] escapes. Sako decamps and Garrett discovers a cave where he has been hiding smuggled Japs.

Mallow returns from the main- [illegible] and questions everyone in an arrogantly stupid fashion. [illegible] trust fund of [illegible] Mallow enters the laboratory where the safe is being guarded by Fallon to warn the detective against the ex-marines. [illegible] Linklater and his clothes gone. Fallon is found stabbed to death in the laboratory, the safe open and the plans missing. [illegible] also has vanished.

Rushing [illegible] found wounded.

Garrett and Dan [illegible] the leaking boat.

MORE than 5,000,000 families read THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly

"You b-big dumbbell! If you don't kiss me pretty soon, I'll die!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Rescue.

JUST as the power-boat, carried in by a wave, scraped and bumped on the pebbles her screw began to thrash.

She backed clear.

When she was well away, Garrett changed gears. She cut a boat [illegible] close to shore and [illegible] gaining speed with the [illegible] of her bows. Shapes of mist leaped in their faces and were gone. Garrett felt a chill through his shoes. Drops of water splashed his ankle.

"Heading for the kelp channel," he shouted as Dan scrambled back to join him. "Stand behind the deckhouse. He may shoot. Get your torch ready. Maybe you'd better light it. Don't want to run 'em down—"

Dan wheeled with a splash, staggered and swore at the water in the cockpit. The beam of his torch shot into a ragged clump of mist that swept down on them an instant later.

"Say, if we got Beaver an' Linklater," Dan called back over his shoulder, "who's in the rowboat?"

"Mallow!" Garrett yelled. "And he's got Celia! He must have double-crossed Beaver and left him behind!"

"Mallow! Say, I never did like that dish-faced little potato-peel! But—he never murdered Fallon! Not him!"

"He did, though!" yelled Garrett, above their thumping, splashing progress and the coughing engine. "Stabbed him right under my nose, and I never guessed! Tell you all about it later—"

Dan's torch played ahead on the dark swells. Whirling shreds of mist sprang at them and fled astern.

"There she goes!" yelled Dan suddenly. "Off to port!"

Garrett slowed down, rising to look ahead. Over the port bow and perhaps a hundred feet distant, the light of Dan's torch flickered dimly on wet and gleaming oar-blades.

Garrett swung the helm over a little.

Now he could see the rowboat dead over their bows. It seemed to leap nearer with each plunge of the speed-boat.

As he kicked out the clutch and went into reverse, the oars disappeared.

"Duck!" he shouted.

White flame spat at them and spat again. They were close now, but the bullets struck the bows or went wide. They caught the glitter of metal flashing out of the rowboat. The oars reappeared. Garrett could see Mallow's face, a pale blob against the darkness.

"Emptied his gun!" yelled Dan. "Now we got him—"

At this instant a strange thing happened. The nearing rowboat tipped suddenly. Out of the ocean and over the stern climbed a naked, gleaming body.

Garrett saw Mallow rise, shouting with fear. The two figures met and clinched. The boat rocked perilously. A naked arm flashed.

Mallow's squat, dark figure staggered, flung up its hands and went overboard. Mallow came up, thrashing the water. Then shriek after shriek of mad terror bubbled or rang out as he fought for air, witless, making no effort to swim.

"He's in the kelp!" Dan yelled. "Young Vane did it! Just like the kid! Where in hell's that boat hook—"

From just beyond the bed of kelp a small searchlight flashed. It swept the water briefly and settled on the rowboat, etching Vane's stark figure in black as he peered at Mallow.

"Look!" shouted Dan. "There's the craft Mallow was heading for! We're just in time—"

A ripple of yellow flames on either side of the light brought the drumming crackle of rifle-fire. Vane lurched to his knees and flung himself prone in the rowboat.

Dan's heavy revolver leaped and banged at the light. It swept across and found them, blindingly. The firing increased. Bullets whacked into the power-boat and screamed from her metal.

Shading his eyes, Garrett kicked out the clutch, went into reverse and slowed alongside the rowboat.

Deftly he caught the gunwale and hung on, swearing steadily. The two boats scraped and bumped together, while bullets flicked all about them.

From away to the left a great sword of white light stabbed the darkness and swept nearer.

"What in hell's that?" howled Dan. "More of 'em?"

He began creeping toward Garrett, sheltered by the deckhouse.

"The destroyer—at last!" Garrett stared. "Asked her commander to lie off this beach tonight—"

The firing ceased. The smaller light vanished, leaving them plunged in darkness. A dim shouting reached them.

To seaward, the long finger of light touched something and swung back. In its white blaze lay a power-driven craft of the speedy type once used by rum-runners.

She was beginning to run south rapidly, away from the destroyer.

"That'll be the Beaver's boat," Garrett hazarded. "I'll bet Mallow would have told 'em that Beaver was dead—"

A gun boomed. Garrett caught the wink of spouting water in front of the ship that fled. The destroyer was coming up fast, a red glow above her funnels.

The other craft brightened under the steady searchlight. Another shell dropped close to her bows.

She sped on.

From her deck came a great flash of smoke and flame as the third shell struck home. She veered, lost way and slowly came about.

"That's that," said Garrett. "Lend me a hand here."

"Holy mackerel!" Dan sloshed through ankle-deep sea water and vaulted lightly into the rowboat. Garrett's torch showed Vane lying stark naked on his face, his glistening body streaked with dark rivulets from two wounds in the back.

Dan raised the young fellow in his arms.

Beneath where Vane had flung himself lay Celia, limp and unconscious in the bottom of the boat.

"Good lad!" said Dan. "Shielded her from the bullets!"

They got Vane gently aboard the power-boat and laid him on the cushions. He was still breathing.

Then Dan passed [illegible] young body up into Garrett's waiting arms.

With a drawn face Garrett pressed an ear to her heart. It was thumping steadily. She was clad in dressing gown and pajamas and reeked of chloroform. He laid her flat on the cushions and looked up, aware of silence.

"Hold the rowboat!" he shouted. "Got to find Mallow! He just quit yelling! Got to pick him up and land this tub before she goes under—"

Dan swung his torch on the dark waves. Suddenly he pushed clear in the rowboat, sat down and grabbed the oars. Garrett took his coat off with difficulty and wrapped it around Vane. Then he turned the beam of his torch on Dan.

The rowboat had checked. He saw Dan grab something. Little by little, while the small boat tipped and rocked, the ex-marine dragged a limp body over the gunwale. He flung it down and came surging back to thump against the power-boat.

They hauled Mallow aboard, choked and unconscious but still alive.

Then vaulting in beside Garrett, Dan kicked the rowboat free to drift ashore. He gave Mallow first aid while Garrett backed out of the kelp and swung the speed-boat for home.

Once Dan flashed his light on the young people. Celia lay with closed eyes. Vane was conscious again, but lay silent and motionless like a wounded animal.

Halfway back to the boathouse, Mallow began to cough and retch. When the spasm passed, he lay shuddering. Garrett saw the violent effort he made to collect himself and throw off his horror of the kelp.

At length he stroked Dan's arm feebly.

"Thanks!" he groaned. "Twice, now, you've saved my life! That filthy, soft kelp! It clings like—b-big hands! Is Celia—safe? I found her unconscious and tried to save her from—a bearded man. I thought it was he coming after us in this boat! Th-that's why I fired—"

"Search him," said Garrett dryly.

Mallow tried to resist, then fell back with a cry of pain as Dan slapped him across the face.

"What do you mean? Don't do th—" he howled, trying to shield his face. "Ow-w-"

At length Dan passed over the plans, a sheaf of papers wrapped in oiled silk. Garrett stuck them down inside his shirt, under his belt.

Mallow's wild cry died in a shuddering sob.

"Celia! The brutes are stealing our p-plans—"

"Watch him! He's crazy like a fox," said Garrett.

The power-boat was almost awash when Garrett worked her cannily into the boathouse. Placer Huckle and Edwards stood waiting on the planks beside the slip.

"One of you get this kid up to the house," Garrett requested. "Put him to bed and do what you can. Where's the Beaver?" He passed Vane into Huckle's outstretched arms.

"Here! Tied up," said Buck and flashed his torch. It showed the bearded man lying conscious and bound, his dark eyes glittering in the light, his neck clotted with blood.

Garrett laid Celia gently on the planks. Dan thrust Mallow out of the power-boat. Garrett sprang out after them.

"Let Buck take him up, Boo. Watch him, Buck. He's tricky as hell. What became of Linklater?"

"I appeal to you all!" quivered Mallow, his wide face ghastly. "This intruder is trying to steal [illegible]"

"Linklater's up [illegible]" Buck snorted, taking Mallow by the neck. "He's pretty near dead [illegible]"

In a criss-cross of torch beams Huckle tramped out with Vane in his arms. Buck followed with Mallow, pressing a gun in his ribs. Mallow departed, begging to be heard.

Garrett stooped over the bound man, felt his beard and with a swift jerk tore it off. The face beneath was lean and savage with startled rage.

"Well, if it isn't our old friend [illegible] those naval base plans [illegible]"

(Continued on Page 20)

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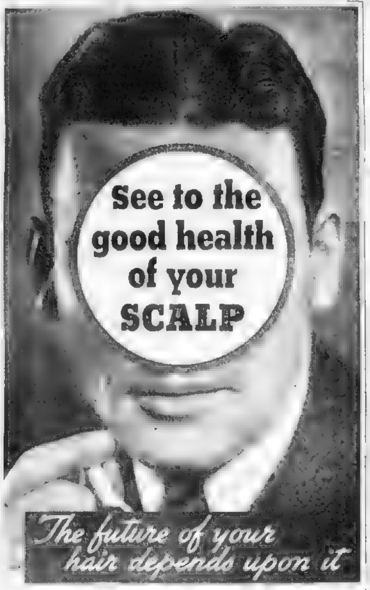
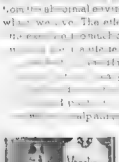


Both the [illegible] and the scalp suffer from the abnormal [illegible] which we live. The effects of too [illegible] little [illegible] dry- [illegible] but the [illegible]

[illegible] Hair Tonic accomplishes this for you. It is a pure natural oil which cleans the scalp, corrects dryness, loosens dandruff, and is the proper treatment for massage. Its regular use will keep the scalp in a healthy condition, the hair lustrous, abundant, and good looking [illegible] with every bottle. Why not buy one today?



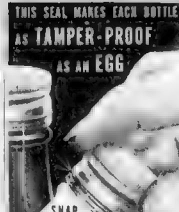
40¢ and 70¢

Some hair don'ts . . .

• Avoid chilling the scalp by cold showers. It may cause hair loss • Avoid pressure of too tight hat bands. They retard circulation which is necessary to hair life • Don't unnecessarily expose the hair to strong sun rays. It may cause dryness and fading. • Don't scratch your head unnecessarily. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic will relieve the itch • Don't wet the hair to dress it. Use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for daily grooming, and the hair will always be lustrous and in place. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG U S PAT OFF

Copr. 1941 Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



WHEN YOU BUY Schenley's Cream of Kentucky

See Page 1[illegible]

YOU'RE SURE OF GENUINENESS

Alseco ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

FREE to Catholics ONLY

[illegible]

Lane Co., Dept. 53, Providence, R. I.

SKIN ITCH Quick Relief or Money Back

If trouble with an itching pimply skin, ugly red eruptions or rashes [illegible] DON'T SUFFER ANOTHER MOMENT. One application of comforting Peterson's Ointment [illegible]

USE POWDER

100% Cleansing Properties
Twice that of tooth paste

Contains No Grit or Pumice
Cannot possibly scratch the softest enamel

Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1

Do As Your Dentist Does—

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dentists everywhere recommend Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder cleans off all stains and [illegible] sparkling many shades whiter.

Free from all grit or pumice, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder cannot possibly scratch or injure the softest enamel.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay. Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed and your breath so sweet and pure.

Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. People by the thousands are changing daily.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

NORTH

From the Land of Cotton to the Land of the Midnight Sun, the fame of this "Double Rich" whiskey has spread. Think of it — sending for it all the way from Alaska to the sunny South. It must be good! Just try it!

SCHENLEY'S

MARK OF MERIT

. . . It is on every bottle of Cream of Kentucky...your assurance of deliciousness . . . your promise of the utmost in value

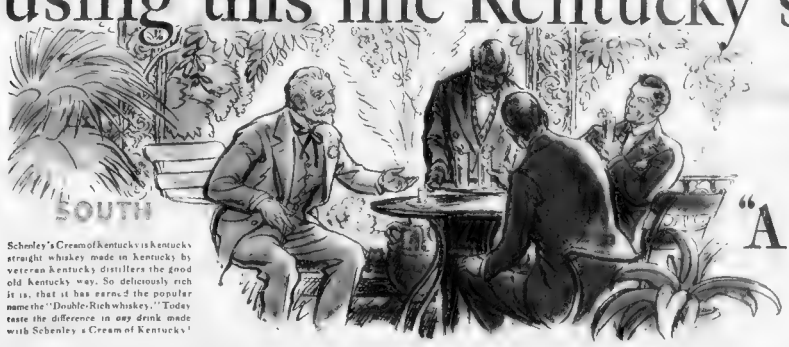
To the far off island of Hawaii the news of this delicious whiskey has traveled. And the whiskey *itself* has traveled. You can get Cream of Kentucky everywhere. And if you want a delightful surprise, you certainly *should* get it!

From "way down in Dixie" to "way down East" thousands of discriminating Americans are putting the same mellow smoothness in their highballs, cocktails and juleps that the old time Kentucky colonels put in theirs. They use Schenley's Cream of Kentucky!

SCHENLEY'S CREAM of KENTUCKY

From Dixie to Alaska, folks are putting that *deliciousness* in whiskey drinks which old time Southerners put in *theirs* by using this fine Kentucky straight whiskey

NINETY PROOF



Schenley's Cream of Kentucky is Kentucky straight whiskey made in Kentucky by veteran Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way. So deliciously rich it is, that it has earned the popular name the "Double-Rich whiskey." Today taste the difference in *any* drink made with Schenley's Cream of Kentucky!

"Cream of Kentucky" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It bears the Mark of Merit

"A Schenley Whiskey of Character"

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Mercolized Wax

KEEPS YOUR SKIN YOUNG

[illegible]

Try Phelactine

THE "different" hair remover. Takes off unwanted hair quickly and gently. Leaves the skin smooth, soft and hair-free. Simple to use. Odorless.

Use Saxolite Astringent

A REFRESHING, stimulating skin tonic. Dissolve it in witch hazel. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines large pores. Eliminates oiliness. Prevents blackheads. At all drug and department stores

Sea Shroud [illegible] G[illegible]

(Continued from Page 18)

[illegible]

Just a [illegible] he said. "I want to test a theory."

[illegible]

Dan Passed Celia's Lax Young Body Up Into Garrett's Waiting Arms.

He was here all the [illegible] those [illegible] Mallow [illegible] and [illegible]. The [illegible]boat was here for [illegible] get [illegible] Beaverlay[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

No wonder we couldn't spot Beaver's boat," he exclaimed. [illegible] at Celia. "Well, now you've caught on."

With a short husky laugh that might mean anything, Garrett picked the girl up in his arms and carried her out to the shore, Dan's blazing torch guiding his footsteps.

A hail from the sea checked them.

Not fifty yards out a boat from the destroyer sped toward the beach, oars dipping and flashing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Explanations

BLAINE, [illegible] of the destroyer [illegible] walked up to the house with Garrett and Dan. [illegible]

[illegible]

accuse [illegible]

[illegible] to shore.

In the [illegible] Edwards and Sam [illegible] with Blaine. The [illegible] destroyer were guarding the two prisoners in the workshop. Blaine had some knowledge [illegible] and agreed to [illegible] later. He advised them [illegible] to rush the doctor to hospital in the destroyer. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Has anyone seen Mrs. Mallow?"

[illegible]

[illegible] eyed him [illegible]. With a [illegible] one of the [illegible] came up to [illegible] and saluted.

"Guy on the left swears he's innocent, sir! Says he was trying to save the girl and some [illegible] plans."

[illegible] looked at Garrett, who [illegible] his head.

"He'll have a chance to talk himself out of this in court. Not now. Might warn your men that he's plausible."

"On no account release either prisoner," said Blaine.

The man saluted and wheeled. Wort laughed harshly.

Garrett went to Fallon's side and raised the lolling head. The blue eyes were open and sightless, hard no longer, but full of dim astonishment. For an instant Garrett visualized Fallon as the round-headed, stupid little boy he must have been once, strutting and showing his muscle.

[illegible]

That's [illegible] You found the [illegible] dark and pushed the speed-boat out by hand." When you started the engine Mallow shot you from in front of the boathouse, is that right?"

[illegible] steadily now.

"[illegible] by drinking [illegible]"

[illegible] shook [illegible] head.

[illegible] was going to take you back to Maryland or

Garrett lowered the [illegible] the [illegible] A shower of thin glass fragments tinkled down on Osterhout's body. Garrett dragged [illegible] shrivelled [illegible] There was a tiny hole [illegible] between the [illegible] an eighth of an inch of black rubber tubing. The fabric had been slashed each way and skilfully sewn together again.

He took out his knife and cut along the threads.

[illegible]

After [illegible] Dan [illegible]

She [illegible] her eyes on Mallow and started for him at a clumsy run.

He shrank in his bonds, glaring back at her.

"Keep her hands off!" he burst out. "Her hands—"

His wife stopped as though he had struck her. In two strides Dan caught her arm and swung her about skilfully.

Shaking but composed, Mrs. Mallow faced Garrett. She looked at the shriveled thing he held, then felt for a chair.

"We should have killed you," she nodded woodenly.

"Thanks. I'm just working out what happened. That cyanide in [illegible] water gave me a [illegible]. The missing boat hook was another. Shall I tell the story or will you?"

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Mallow. "I'm tired."

"Very well. Yesterday morning Mallow was alone here ostensibly sweeping. He slit open the [illegible] directly over Osterhout's chair and inserted a globe of fine glass. Inside the globe was this rubber balloon expanded by suction and full of hydrocyanic acid gas. He left the end of the tube sticking down and sewed up the fabric. Is that right?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Mallow. "Go ahead."

Mallow screamed. One of the scandalized sailors put a large hand over his mouth. He collapsed, staring.

"Mallow had arranged an experiment with Osterhout," Garrett went on. "I know that. It was to be a vibration experiment, not a matter of stress and strain as Mallow told me. Osterhout hung a glass rod on his desk to be shattered by wireless vibration.

"The experiment was only designed to keep him in his chair

(Continued on Page 27)

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible

Now, for lips, TATTOO [illegible] Vibrant, exciting South Sea color [illegible] Transparent and [illegible] instead of [illegible] Tattoo your lips! Never be satisfied with less than the perfection of TATTOO. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color [illegible] in your favorite store. TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

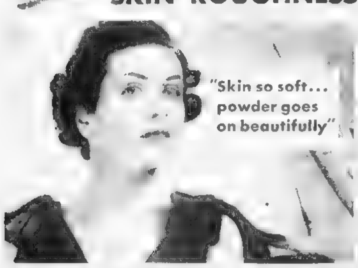
CORAL · EXOTIC · NATURAL · [illegible]

TATTOO

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY—on next to the last page.

FOR A SMOOTH MAKE-UP..

Melt AWAY SKIN ROUGHNESS



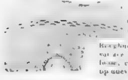
MRS. RODMAN WANAMAKER II of Philadelphia [illegible]

A LITTLE POWDER [illegible]

[illegible]

New Skin Appears

[illegible]



Skin toughness magnified

[illegible]

loose. And all clinging stubbornly . . . even when you try to flick them off!

But you can melt them off easily with a keratolytic cream. Vanishing Cream. A leading dermatologist says:

[illegible] Vanishing Cream [illegible] treatment

For a smooth make-up— [illegible] Pond's Vanishing Cream [illegible] away! [illegible] beautifully!

Overnight for lasting softness— [illegible]

THIS SHOWS WHY

You Get Such Fast Relief from Real BAYER ASPIRIN

DROP A BAYER ASPIRIN TABLET INTO A GLASS OF WATER. BY THE TIME IT HITS THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS IT IS DISINTEGRATING.

Quick Relief for Headaches, Neuritis, Rheumatic Pains

The old adage says, "what you see you believe." So the nurse, pictured here, shows you two *actual photographs* to prove the quick action of Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

Look at them, and you will see *one reason* why Bayer Aspirin is rated by Scientists among the fastest agents, *now known or ever known,* for the relief of headaches, neuritis, neuralgia and rheumatic pains.

You'll see that a Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablet, dropped into a glass of water, will start to disintegrate, or dissolve, before it reaches the bottom of the glass. Hence, is ready to go to work almost instantly you take one. For what happens in that glass happens in your stomach when you take a BAYER ASPIRIN Tablet. Relief comes in a few minutes.

Countless thousands know that about BAYER ASPIRIN. Know by experience that it brings the quick relief you want when in distress.

Keep this in mind the next time your work or play is handicapped by a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain. And ask for Bayer Aspirin by its full name "BAYER ASPIRIN" when you buy. Learn for yourself how fast you can get relief.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin 15¢

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THE MAGAZINE HIT OF THE MONTH

brings you the Song Hit of the Year

Pictorial Review

presents

LET'S DINE ALONE TONIGHT

$1,000 Prize Song Hit

RUDY VALLEE • PAUL WHITEMAN
DEEMS TAYLOR • NATHANIEL SHILKRET
and GEORGE MAREK

Selected this song out of 10,000 submitted in the first Pictorial Review Song Contest

THIS GIFT OFFER IS MADE TO INTRODUCE APRIL PICTORIAL REVIEW

APRIL Pictorial Review had been sent to press when the distinguished judges announced the winner of Pictorial's $1,000 Prize Song Contest. We want you to hear it at once—it typifies the spirit of youth and romance in Pictorial Review—so we distribute with each newsstand copy this entrancing song hit.

Pictorial Review is preferred by more than two million modern-minded women, but new readers are desired and the song is another good reason for buying this surprisingly different and delightful magazine.

Buy April Pictorial Review, now on sale at all newsstands, and get your gift copy of LET'S DINE ALONE TONIGHT.

What It Costs to Become a DANCING STAR

ELEANOR POWELL, the phenomenally gifted tap-dancer, receives a thousand letters a week from stage-struck girls requesting advice on how to become a dancing star. This article "You Can't Dance on a Dime," by Nanette Kutner, tells just *what* it costs in money, time and effort, to tap your way to the top.

I'm Marrying Again Tomorrow

With one divorce behind him, the anonymous author of this revealing article reflects on the mistakes that wrecked his *first* marriage, and plans to avoid them in his *second*.

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Just to be IN LOVE

. . . they looked at one another and caught their breath in wonder [illegible] cause it happened. It was as though a new star had been born, as [illegible] a strange new element had been created. They knew they were in [illegible]

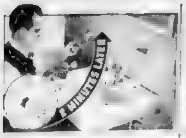
MODERN LOVE, COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE

delightful stories by Jay Gelzer • Phyllis Duganne • Thyra Samter Winslow • Lew Deitz • Harry Sylvester • Margaret Cousins

TO BE USED ONLY IN CASE YOU ARE UNABLE TO GET THE PRIZE SONG ON THE NEWSSTANDS

Name

Address



Now . . . Reset loose fixtures with Plastic Wood

Now [illegible] reset loose bathroom fixtures in plaster, tile or wood, seal unsightly cracks around bathtubs and sinks, seal floor or baseboard cracks, etc. [illegible]

MILANO ***NOT* MADE FROM DOPED WOOD**

Finest Natural Briar in Milano

Most pipes are made of "raw" briar loaded with bitter resins or "doped" with artificial sweeteners. BUT NOT MILANO. [illegible] makes Milano smoke naturally sweet and mellow. New Improved Guard [illegible]

More than [illegible] read The American Weekly

Under Royal Patronage — *By Lady Troubridge*

(Continued from Page 16)

too [illegible] ... King."

He could not say it.

He said nothing, but his dark head bent over Rosa till it was [illegible]

It was not exactly a [illegible] kiss, but it transported Rosa. She kissed him on both cheeks, [illegible]

[illegible] con- [illegible] lown- [illegible] ed by [illegible] tion, had given his blessing.

This Feodor was not the [illegible] he would have chosen for Rosa, but husbands were hard to find. They did not grow on every bush. So he permitted the match.

The news trickled round the [illegible]

"People who can't pay, can't eat Rosa," Said the Young Man Gravely.

[illegible] with him to curl and nestle in his heart as she nestled in his arms. She had the charm of her [illegible]

She was fascinating and she was [illegible] he had the strength of [illegible] and the enchantment of [illegible]

[illegible] forget, and [illegible] than [illegible] else on earth.

[illegible] that kings [illegible] forgotten by other people [illegible] corner [illegible] evening [illegible] water

who worked with Franz, had not forgotten.

How could he, since he had worked [illegible] the palace at Eslavia, before [illegible] to the Legation?

When Franz brought him his beer [illegible] over him, Stefan [illegible]

[illegible] They are looking for him [illegible] They will find him quickly or slowly. I shall help them to find him quickly.

"And then?" asked Franz, looking doubtfully across the room at Rosa.

"Then it will be his story," said Stefan as he got up and slipped from the room.

Franz's heart [illegible] with hope or fear or agitation [illegible] not know which.

But one thing he knew. Rosa must be warned.

It was difficult. Those two were never apart in the daytime. Then the chance came next day.

Nikolas was kind to the old man upstairs.

For one hour every evening he conversed with him, or read him the paper, or listened to his reminiscenses. The cross old man felt the charm of that strange gentleness of Nikki's. Rosa might do worse, he decided.

It was during this hour, when most people had tea, and Uncle Jacques sipped his fragrant coffee, that Franz found Rosa casting a careful eye round the kitchen, and asked for a private interview with her. Smiling, she led him into the back sitting-room.

"Come on now," she said. "Tell your grievance and I will put it right for you. There is always a way out of everything, Franz; one has only to find it."

He shook his head.

"No, Miss Rosa, not always. Pardon my asking, but does Monsieur Feodor know what passes in his country?"

Rosa was pleased that he spoke so respectfully of Nikki. It was time his position should be recognized.

"He knows they are always fighting," she said. "He is well out of it."

"He can never be out of it, Miss Rosa. He is too highly placed."

"Nikki highly placed! You talk nonsense, Franz. To me, he is of course a king among men—"

She stopped, scared by the expression on Franz's face. He seized her wrist.

"You have said it, Miss Rosa! He has deceived you. Among men he is a king."

Rosa went to the cupboard where she kept some old brandy under lock and key and poured him out a small glass of the spirit, neat.

"Compose yourself, Franz—and drink this. Kings do not become waiters at the 'Couronne D'Or.' There is only one King in England, and he is in his palace at Westminster."

Franz drank his brandy.

"And the King of Slavonia is here," he said. "Ask him, Miss Rosa; see if he can deny it."

Like a flash Rosa ran up the stairs, and tapped at her uncle's door.

"Will you spare Nikki a moment, mon oncle? I need him downstairs."

The old man nodded. He was growing sleepy. Nikolas tip-toed from the room. On the landing Rosa clutched him.

"Franz has gone mad," she gasped. "He says you are a king."

Suddenly she felt a hand over her mouth.

"Be quiet," he said, sternly.

She struggled to free herself.

"But—"

"Be silent, I tell you!"

He felt her go limp in his arms.

"It is true then?"

The King nodded.

"Come in here."

She drew him into her empty bedroom. They must be quite alone.

"Rosa," he said, looking round the [illegible] bare little room, "I told you I was [illegible] under a cloud. [illegible] Slavonia."

He felt suddenly weak as he said the words. He sat down on the small iron bedstead.

Then he talked to Rosa of strange terrible things, things she only half understood. Of plots and counterplots, of friends [illegible] turned foes, of a king hunted and driven like a wild beast until at last he crossed the frontier into safety, disguised as his minister's valet.

Now and then his face grew convulsed, his heavy-lidded eyes glittered strangely, he clenched his fist.

He was talking to Rosa, yet he seemed to have forgotten all about her.

Rosa knelt in front of him, her head on his knee. Seeing her so still and silent, Nikolas dropped his hand on her head.

"Do not grieve, Rosa. I am here beside you. I shall never see Slavonia again."

She lifted her eyes, streaming with tears.

"All the same you are a king, Nikki. How can I forget that?"

"You must forget it," he said. "It is our secret, yours and mine."

"But Franz knows—he told me."

"He must be silent, too. Can you trust him?"

"Yes, he will do what I say."

He looked round the little room and smiled tenderly.

"So this is your room, Rosa? I am glad I have seen it once."

(Continued on Page 23)

Why be GRAY?

It's so easy to have beautiful lustrous, colorful hair that sparkles with a youthful appearance. With just a small amount of Dame [illegible]'s [illegible] C. D. preparation applied to the hair you can conceal gray [illegible] Satisfactory results guaranteed or money refunded. Dame [illegible] comes in the following shades: [illegible] light brown, medium brown, [illegible] dark brown and black. On sale at all drug stores. Economical small size 60c; large size, double quantity [illegible]

FREE BOOKLET on how to recolor gray hair attractively will be sent on request. Special applicator included. C. D., 117 E. 24th St., New York, N. Y. Dept. 28.

SHOULDER HURT? do this

When you have a muscular ache or a sprain, a sore shin or a bad bruise, get out the bottle of Absorbine Jr. Nothing like this old reliable liniment to drive such pains away. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Economical, little goes far.

ABSORBINE JR.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

Did you ever know *a Charmer* who didn't have a lovely skin?

"I never did," declares FRANCES INGRAM

"LOOK [illegible] receive the most attention," suggests Frances Ingram, Beauty Consultant to thousands of women, "and you'll [illegible] surprising [illegible] more than a beautiful skin."

And that is something every one of us can have, and without high-priced beauty treatments, too!

So often the trouble is just this: as we grow older Nature reduces her supply of the natural protecting oils with which she keeps skin fine and supple when we are young.

Then blemishes begin to show. Hard lines; [illegible] dry skin; crepey texture; [illegible] pores. No tone, no firmness. *These "young" oils must be restored.*

It isn't hard. All you need is one *complete*, constructive cream. Ingram's Milkweed Cream. In this one cream are combined the precious oils which, like Nature's own oils, help your skin stay young.

Thousands of women, among them many of Hollywood's fairest stars, will tell you that Ingram's Milkweed Cream has kept freshness, "youngness" in their skin.

It can bring new loveliness to *your* skin, too. Try it. Pat in a little at night for just a week, and watch the improvement! Frances Ingram, 636 Fifth Ave., New York.

A COMPLETE CREAM *Everything your skin needs is in this ONE JAR*

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

To check a *Cold* in a hurry do these 2 things!

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"Letting a cold run its course" is out-of-date. Today, physicians recommend:

1. **Rid your system of wastes.**
2. **Combat the acidity that encourages a cold.**

And Sal Hepatica does both. First, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestinal tract—speedily, gently, thoroughly. Second, Sal Hepatica does something that no ordinary laxative can do. It brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve.

When you realize that cold germs seldom take hold in an alkaline system, you see how important this anti-acid action is.

Do this, at once

So whenever a cold threatens, take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water.

In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed and call a physician if your cold is too severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the new scientific way to fight a cold. Get Sal Hepatica today.

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." One full hour of music, drama, amateurs, sparkling fun. Every Wednesday night over National Broadcasting Network. Coast to Coast.

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Under Royal Patronage *By Lady Troubridge*

(Continued from Page 22)

"Yes, Nikki, I sleep here—and [illegible] dream of you."

She looked up. He bent down. It was a lover's kiss he gave her then.

For a moment the King of Slavonia was very happy. Then they went downstairs hand in hand.

* * *

Franz promised [illegible] to [illegible] secret. So night [illegible] who [illegible] a [illegible] about. He [illegible] was happening but [illegible] guess that Stefan was at [illegible] that secret messages were flashing across the wires to the city of Esiavia that the name of Nikolas was being used as a [illegible] to rally the monarchists.

He knew this because Stefan had told him that so it would be, but his mind could penetrate no further.

It was difficult to treat Nikolas Feodor as a waiter. He had to watch himself so that he should not be too respectful. Once or twice he flattened himself against the passage wall to let the other pass and caught a sharp look of reprimand.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"Nothing, your—nothing, Feodor," he stammered.

"Don't try to act the courtier, Franz [illegible]."

Only Rosa was unchanged.

She had forgotten that Nikki was a king or only remembered it now and then. She was thinking of the opening night, and of how they would celebrate it.

They would have streamers to throw, and colored balls, balloons to bang with a [illegible] report. Perhaps they would dance...

"Can you dance, Nikki?" she inquired.

"I will watch you, Rosa. I do not dance your dances."

So she decided against it.

On that night the "Couronne D'Or" was [illegible].

A special supper was carried up to Uncle Jacques, and some good [illegible] and a crony or two went up to visit him, while downstairs Rosa and Nikki were the moving spirits of the revels.

They worked, it is true, but the work was a pleasure, and they toasted each other when no one was looking.

Nikki was [illegible] as feverishly gay as Rosa, and drank more than usual.

When Count Yfeld and the Duke of Zaranga, who had flown across Europe to find this particular place, came quietly into the crowded room they saw their King leaning on the edge of the bar counter, wearing the apron of a waiter, twisting a streamer in his hands and laughing with one or two of the patrons.

They stood by the door, bareheaded, holding their hats, and talking quietly.

"A good disguise," said the Count in a low voice.

"The best of all," said Zaranga. "To be oneself in impossible surroundings."

"How do we approach him?" asked the Count. "One must use precautions, but there is not much time. How long can we give him?"

"A couple of hours."

"Here, this good fellow will help us."

The Duke thrust a card into Franz's hand as he passed.

"Will you take this to that gentleman?"

Franz [illegible] frightened.

So it had come at last. Quietly as these men stood, they were different from [illegible]. They had come for a purpose. He took the card to Nikki [illegible] read it in silence [illegible] color draining from his face. He stared across the room [illegible] eyes [illegible] on the two [illegible]. He turned to Franz.

"Bring them [illegible] quietly into the [illegible] there is a [illegible] that I am not [illegible]."

In the back room they faced him. But they [illegible].

"The young [illegible]" [illegible] said the King.

Rosa [illegible] after the other [illegible] kissed his hand.

Then one [illegible] who began to talk [illegible] language of which [illegible] understand a word.

Yet it was not difficult [illegible] that the speaker was [illegible] urgent. He pointed to Nikki, to himself, then waved [illegible] with a large gesture.

Then Nikki spoke.

There was a dark look of refusal upon his face, a look, too, of fear and [illegible].

Rosa's heart swelled.

Poor Nikki [illegible] he looked [illegible].

If only she could understand what they were saying, she could help him. There was always [illegible] was out of [illegible].

Now the older [illegible]. He [illegible] reasonable, but Nikki [illegible] refused.

He even included Rosa in his refusal, brought her somehow into the argument. Now she felt she might step forward and slip her hand through Nikki's [illegible]. She looked at the two [illegible] smiled.

[illegible] English [illegible] she said. "No. Then French."

One of them answered her in French.

[illegible] His Majesty [illegible]. The country has [illegible] His Majesty [illegible] King [illegible] That [illegible].

[illegible] Then she [illegible].

[illegible] Franz [illegible].

[illegible] I've told them [illegible].

[illegible] Nikki [illegible] I would get to understand your people; they [illegible] to love [illegible]. They [illegible] me their Queen. Why [illegible] Nikki. I should understand their troubles, their poverty. I should be one of them, a Queen of the people. [illegible] idea."

[illegible] good-bye. Think of you, Rosa; you would never [illegible]."

[illegible] The King [illegible] come, he prefers to be a waiter. You will call them in [illegible] will say, 'Here is your King, the King of Slavonia' [illegible] what you will say, my [illegible] Nikki.

They stared at each other. Nikki [illegible] his hat [illegible].

He [illegible] the string of his apron, picked it up and threw it into a corner of the room.

"In one moment you will call them [illegible]."

They [illegible] locked in each other's [illegible]. His eyes were [illegible].

[illegible] to the door.

He fetched the two noblemen. Rosa closed the door after the retreating figure of Franz.

"The King will [illegible]."

Franz brought [illegible] hat. The two [illegible] above Rosa [illegible] in front of [illegible] the curtain to the [illegible].

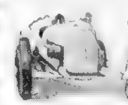
[illegible] at Rosa's face [illegible].

"[illegible] Miss Rosa?" he [illegible].

"No, thank you, Franz. Lock the [illegible] and shut up for the night."

When he had gone she sat [illegible].

(Continued on Page 26)



Want Greater

DEPENDABILITY?

If another manufacturer of spark plugs attempted to duplicate a Champion in every detail, he would be liable to suit on 27 broad basic patents issued by the United States Government. These patents represent proved and reproved Champion superiorities which mean greater dependability for every engine. The choice of racing champions for 12 years. The choice of motoring millions for 25 years.

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A LIGHT SMOKE

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We believe that Lucky Strike Cigarettes embody a number of genuinely basic improvements, and that all these improvements combine to produce a superior cigarette—a modern cigarette, a cigarette made of rich, ripe-bodied tobaccos—A Light Smoke.

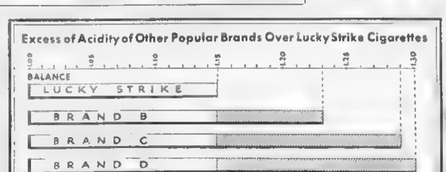
Luckies—"IT'S TOASTED"

Your throat protection—against irritation—against cough

Luckies are less acid

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%.

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS



[illegible] American Tobacco Company

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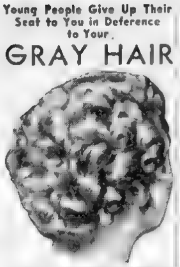
Young People Give Up Their Seat to You in Deference to Your

GRAY HAIR



Do you prefer the respect accorded [illegible] age to [illegible] love and the joy of life?

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W[illegible] keep ALL your hair [illegible] even lustrous natural youthful appearing color [illegible] easily economically used in hygienic privacy [illegible] home. Costly expert attention not needed. Not sticky or greasy. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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City [illegible] State [illegible]
State Original Color of Hair [illegible]

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY—on next to the last page.

New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

[illegible] through [illegible] The [illegible] and Mat [illegible] [illegible]

and so tremendous was our speed that on each side a towering white-topped wave rose and sank with us as our [illegible] the water [illegible]

Ten minutes passed then. We're getting too near the shore [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] both [illegible]

At the same moment I caught the gust of a [illegible] spout of [illegible] the gray gloom [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] very little [illegible] I yelled in relief as the cutting tongue of [illegible] which we had all but [illegible] A few [illegible] entrance. [illegible] of the moment [illegible] I could [illegible] ashore and [illegible] customs [illegible] coast-guards are [illegible] to instant de[illegible] short [illegible] [illegible] probably [illegible]

I felt sure they would immediately [illegible] a garage so as to reach Paris before morning and report. My reason told me [illegible]

Dawn had [illegible] when an [illegible] Bertillon [illegible] house. A pot of [illegible] coffee awaited [illegible] [illegible]

"Has [illegible] chief [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Meanwhile [illegible] [illegible] catch these [illegible] night. They're [illegible] [illegible] of Leopold Lorey [illegible] [illegible] office [illegible]

[illegible] fled. A bad lot! You've heard of the 'Wolf of Belleville'? Yes. Well, that was the Wolf. He's got a room near the Boulevard de Charenton at a malodorous hotel kept by Lalage Malou the Mulatto.

He went there first, all in I expect, as soon after Rousseau saw a boy [illegible] out and run towards the Etoile. A boy's not easy to follow, however, and poor Rousseau [illegible] him in the swirl of traffic. [illegible] a couple of hours ago the Wolf [illegible] was followed to [illegible] back [illegible] at La Villette [illegible] Cafe [illegible] Dragon where [illegible]

Rousseau thought it was not to go in [illegible] been spotted at once [illegible] reported [illegible] Wolf [illegible] to be seen. But the [illegible] of a fierce quarrel had reached [illegible] somewhere overhead [illegible]. So no doubt the gang [illegible] upstairs. The Wolf [illegible] Rousseau's got [illegible] posted [illegible] round the place. Better spend the night here, matters are coming to a head and I may need you any moment."

It seemed as though I had hardly [illegible] my eyes when I roused to hear [illegible] shrill voice calling me from the dressing room.

[illegible] about the Wolf [illegible] When the apache left the Dragon I followed him back to his room. Half an hour ago I heard screams and Mat[illegible] crazed. It [illegible] take me long to get upstairs [illegible] and there was [illegible] found the apache on the floor [illegible] dead, his face burnt as though by vitriol.

Here's another bit of news that'll astonish you. One of the men who left the Dragon cafe by the back door was the famous inventor and propagandist Jean Delamarre, and what's more interesting still is that I've learned Delamarre comes from La Martinique."

"You are seeing things, mon vieux," I retorted, dipping my head in a basin of cold water to [illegible] of sleep. "[illegible] the friend of several [illegible] government officials, even the Prefect. You know that a man absolutely above suspicion. Good Lord, just because he goes to eat something at that Chinese place because he likes the food, it doesn't mean he's mixed up with this murder gang we're after."

Levallois shrugged his shoulders and pulling his ocarina from an inner pocket, made as though to sit down and play. But remembering my deep-rooted aversion for his peculiar music he put it away again with a shamefaced grin.

"Does the chief know about the Wolf?" I asked, dressing hurriedly. "If so, what does he think of it?"

"I don't know, but he's very worried about Le Verrier. He's afraid those [illegible] have come to know about the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] some [illegible]

[illegible]

How was he killed?" I asked. "You've been there, haven't you?"

"Yes. I've found a few trifles. His executioners wouldn't take much trouble with him. They just poisoned him, as they did Leopold Lorey. How it was done and who did it is still a mystery, although I'm beginning to see daylight. They should have shot or stabbed the apache, or a trick too often and you give it away. Yet I'm afraid for Le Verrier, he's so helpless. I promised the little girl that nothing would happen to her father, so my reputation's at stake. Should these devils succeed in carrying out their threats I should feel forever dishonored.

"Get along there at once. It's in the Rue [illegible]. You'll find Rousseau and Bulldog waiting for you at a cafe. Mademoiselle Arabella will arrange for you to get into the house without being seen by the servants."

"But if you suspect the servants, why not have 'em all arrested until you've checked up on them?" I queried.

"Quite out of the question. They've been with Le Verrier a long time and he trusts them absolutely. We cannot go about arresting people on the off-chance, you know, and anyway he's got to have someone to cook for him and [illegible]. I'll be playing their game most likely if I took away [illegible] we know and [illegible] we don't know in their place.

"[illegible] I want these devils to make their attempt on Le Verrier [illegible] to get their Number One. So long as we [illegible] him day and night [illegible] he's never alone he ought to be all right. I've got to discover all the members of this gang. I'm hoping it'll not be so long now. You'll get my instructions as soon as I've tested a curious little theory of my own."

I found Rousseau sitting before a bottle of Vouvray, having posted the lad Bulldog outside the cafe to watch for me.

"I've just heard from Levallois that the telephone at Le Verrier's house is out of order," he said by way of greeting. "But the chief told me to touch nothing until he [illegible] queer idea [illegible]? I'm to send Bulldog if I've anything to communicate, so maybe the chief fixed it so none could 'phone.

"Mademoiselle Arabella has left the garage door open; it communicates with the house and we'll be able to slip in as soon as it gets dark unnoticed by the servants. They gather in a kind of servants hall at the back of the house. We've still time to split another bottle between us by then it should be dark enough for our purpose.

"What do you think of this confounded business, anyway?" he continued in an argumentative tone, holding up his glass to the light. "To me it sounds like a lot of crazy nonsense. How can a man kill another by a call? And what is this Call anyway?"

"I believe it's a Maori word, all vowels practically—something like the old Egyptian words of power."

"Egyptian words of power—" Rousseau yawned. "[illegible] of 'em."

"No, well you'll find that they played an important part in ancient black magic, such as calling on Satan or Baal. They [illegible] sonorous words whose [illegible] are supposed to be tremendously effective. This particular call is an animal noise, something like 'Faa-uu-aa.'"

Bulldog, who had been listening, gave vent to his [illegible] growling laugh: "Faa-uu-aa—that ought to kill anybody surely. Sounds like the noise you make, M'sieur Rousseau, when you've had too much brandy."

The old [illegible] at his head but the lad [illegible] nimbly out of the way and caught it in mid air.

"He'd make a good baseball player, the young imp," I commented as we left the place. "A useful rascal you find him, I imagine."

"Who—Bulldog? I should say so. Couldn't do without him. Where's he off to now? Hi, Bulldog!"

The lad came running back at once: "Better let me prowl about the place," he whispered. "Nobody takes any notice of me. If I see anything important I'll yell out—'Faa-uu-aa'"

"For God's sake don't do that even as a joke," I cried fearfully, gripping him by the arm. "Le Verrier's half crazy with fear now—he might think it was the 'Call' and drop dead of the shock. But it's a good idea for you to mooch about the neigh-

(Continued on Page 25)

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Work-A-Day Lady

By Maysie Greig

Beauty and Brains Clash for the Love of a Modern Prince Charming

HOW TO FIND USED CAR VALUE YOU CAN BANK ON

—Select the dealer first!

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY to buy a used car or used truck. *Select the dealer first!* Thousands of thrifty used car buyers have followed this safe method . . . have found that it led them direct to the nearest Dodge dealer. Why? Because these dealers know the wisdom of selling you honest merchandise, honestly priced. See your Dodge dealer today. Values at $50—$150—$300, or whatever you want to pay.

ASK ABOUT THE OFFICIAL CHRYSLER MOTORS COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY TIME PAYMENT PLAN

DODGE

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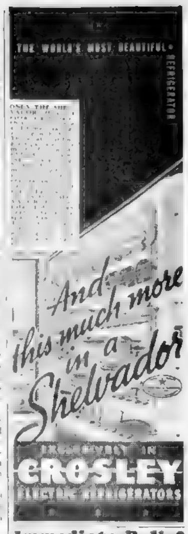

Immediate Relief for Burns

It seems almost miraculous the way Resinol Ointment takes the [illegible] out of an ordinary burn or [illegible] the skin and helps to [illegible] parts. Apply at [illegible] with a light touch. Cover with soft cloth and the Resinol medication will give amazing relief. [illegible] Resinol, [illegible] Balt[illegible], Md.

Resinol

How to Alkalize Your Stomach Almost Instantly

Amazingly Fast Relief Now From "Acid Indigestion," Over-Indulgence, Nausea and Upsets

If you want really quick relief from an upset or painful stomach condition, arising from acidity following over-eating, smoking, unfortunate mixtures of food or stimulants, just try this:

Take: Two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a full glass of water.

Or — two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets; each of which contains the exact equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid form.

This acts almost immediately to neutralize the excess acid in the stomach. Thus relieving the condition which fosters headaches, nausea, acid indigestion pains and upsets. *You feel results at once.* It's really marvelous.

Thousands of people are learning this about Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Finding out that nothing else they have ever tried acts to alkalize the stomach so quickly — eases it so rapidly.

Try it next stomach upset you have.

AND — *if you are* a frequent sufferer from "acid stomach" and indigestion, *use it 30 minutes after meals* — either the liquid or the tablets. You'll soon forget you have a stomach.

When you buy, see that any box or bottle you accept is clearly marked "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia." A big box of the tablets, to carry with you, costs only 25¢.

SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE "ACID STOMACH"

Pain after eating	Feeling of Weakness
Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Nausea	Mouth Acidity
Loss of Appetite	Sour Stomach
	Frequent Headaches

NOW, ALSO IN TABLET FORM

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

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New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 21)

borhood [illegible] signal and wait [illegible] garage [illegible] out at once.

A [illegible] the house. [illegible] very [illegible] to see how [illegible] Le Verrier had [illegible] that first day. The strain of watching [illegible] watching for this [illegible] was telling on her.

Le Verrier was a bundle of nerves [illegible] shaking like a [illegible] at the least sound. I [illegible] very little [illegible] was part of the [illegible] they so [illegible] that he ex[illegible]

W[illegible] into a little [illegible] the study [illegible] in passing [illegible] myself that the [illegible] closed and that no [illegible] the heavy [illegible] in the cupboards. [illegible] Le Verrier's instructions [illegible] of sandwiches and [illegible] brought by the [illegible] I examined the fellow carefully [illegible] the recess where we [illegible] knowing that [illegible] mistrusted him [illegible]

A [illegible] quadroon with [illegible] skin deep-set [illegible] heavy bushy brows [illegible] frame [illegible] seem unnaturally [illegible] Added to this the fellow was silent and gloomy enough for a [illegible] The other servants I had already seen, but they [illegible] me very little. If any one was in league with the rogues who had sworn to kill Le Verrier this was the man. Moreover I would have wagered by the way he rolled his eyes furtively searching the shadows that he was aware of our presence.

The hours passed slowly enough for we could only talk in whispers. The girl had shown me the letter found in her father's pocket as also a note which had come by the afternoon mail—an interesting missive it was, too.

"Be ready to admit me about midnight if you wish to live." it began. "Only I can tell you what the children of the 'Call' mean to do and how you can trick them. Do not disregard this offer—I want no pay. I am a friend—or on your head be it. Above all no police interference. I am doing this because I hate the man who means to kill you. A true friend."

"Has Bertillon seen this yet?" I asked excitedly.

Rousseau shook his head. "Had no chance—we were told not to budge from this house and you know how particular he is to be obeyed. It's all bunkum anyway."

The words were hardly uttered when our signal was softly whistled outside and a minute later Bulldog slipped through the back door followed by Bertillon himself.

"Where's Le Verrier?" were his first words as he looked at his watch. "In the study? All right open that communicating door then, I must watch him. Go into the passage, Levallois, and don't budge whatever happens, but guard the front door. If anything is coming off, it'll be very soon. That note is a ruse to make sure he'll be up and waiting.

"I hope no one tried to fix the telephone by the way? Good. I've warned the exchange. It's quite capable of starting to work again of itself!"

Bertillon chuckled in the manner of one who is keeping back a good joke, and at that instant, as though to confirm his words, the telephone rang shrilly.

Le Verrier had pulled the instrument towards him and was actually lifting the receiver when Bertillon pounced like a cat and, gripping both his arms from behind dragged him—screaming in terror—to the door.

They had barely reached it when a sonorous voice seeming to come from the table, cried harshly:

"Dominique Le Verrier—prepare to die! The call is for you. Faa-uu-aa—Faa-uu-aa!"

And as the deep, vibrant syllables rang through the room, we all heard a tiny whirring sound that issued apparently from the handsome clock on the mantel. The lights incontinently went out, and a blinding purple flash and booming explosion flung us against the wall and in that moment the study filled hissingly with an evil, blood-red fluorescence while an icy wind beat all about me, chilling me to the bone.

Although the very air glowed luridly as though on fire, it radiated an arctic cold like the breath of glaciers. It was as if the Northern Lights, bursting their bonds, had swept from the frozen North into that room, flowing and fluctuating fearfully with malevolent life. And now I thought myself [illegible] indeed, for I seemed to smell the strong vital tang of the ocean.

Bertillon was the first to recover his wits.

"Back—back the jackets and scarves about your faces!" he yelled. "Don't breathe that poisonous gas whatever you do!" and with a crash he flung shut the communicating door, shouting a warning to Levallois who leant against the wall with livid face and staring eyes.

I had a feeling that I lived some fantastic nightmare, but my chief's matter-of-fact manner as he issued rapid instructions did much to recall us all to reality.

"Run to the nearest phone!" he cried, "and call up the fire brigade. Tell them to bring oxygen helmets, also calcium chloride and sodium bicarbonate solutions. I want to see how the 'Call' was managed before it's too late and everything ruined. You, Rousseau, look after Miss Le Verrier, she has swooned, and give her father some brandy—"

From the parcel he had brought he drew a leathern helmet with air-tight goggles, gauntlet gloves, and a rubber oxygen bag, which he swung by straps across his shoulder. Thus equipped he entered the study, in which that unearthly luminescence still glimmered and pulsed faintly albeit a strong smell of acid had now replaced the cold of its birth.

When the firemen arrived he ordered them to direct a spray of water and air combined at the gas—for gas it undoubtedly was—driving the glowing waves through the open window and dispersing them in the garden. Presently having tested the air he [illegible] the shutters, and afterwards the door and window.

"Well it's all over but the shouting," he remarked with a satisfied chuckle, divesting himself of helmet and oxygen mask. "You'll stay here for the night, Rousseau, just in case. Carry Le Verrier to his room and see someone remains with him. There'll be no further attempts on his life now.

"Come along, vous autres, we'll get back to headquarters. [illegible] leave of poor little Amanda though—she never cried out despite that fearsome sight."

There was yet another surprise in store for me that night. As we arrived outside Bertillon's office two of our men rose from the bench and saluted, and I saw to my amazement that with them, handcuffed to their wrists was the well known inventor [illegible]

"The exchange carried out your instructions thoroughly, Monsieur," one of the detectives reported. "When this fellow here called up Le Verrier's house from a booth, they kept him just long enough trying to get connection to let us know from where the call had come. We got there in time to hear him shout some queer foreign words in a loud voice—we've made a note of 'em—so we clapped the bracelets on him as he came out. He was considerably surprised—" the detective added with a grin. "There was a couple of fellows had been with him, and when they saw us, the fools ran for it. They were followed to the Cafe du Dragon where we rounded up the whole gang just as those two were gabbling the bad news. That was smart work, yours, Sir, to know in advance he'd telephone, and to find out where from like that. I'd like to know how you did it, Sir."

"I say ditto to that," I exclaimed, when we were in Bertillon's office. "I'm just beginning to see dimly that the telephone had something to do with loosing that awful poison, but I'm hanged if I can understand how."

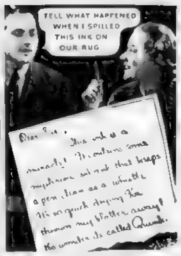
Bertillon smiled wearily as he sank into a chair.

"Like all clever plots," he said, "it's quite simple really. You know that Fichet's made a lock for bank-vaults and safe doors that opens only when a certain word is spoken at it—a kind of 'Open Sesame' in fact. A magnetic needle traces the vibrations of the word on a revolving cylinder and as the last stroke is finished the circuit which controls the lock is completed.

"That was the basis of this fellow Delamarre's scheme. Now you see where the legend of 'the Call' comes in; it served a double purpose. If it so terrified people that they paid up—well and good. If instead they were stubborn—as in two recent instances, then he'd make a drastic example of 'em. I have evidence now proving the guilt not only of the leader Delamarre but of all his gang.

"The vibrations of the magic word, admirably chosen for its force, impinged on the dia-

(Continued on Page 26)



An Ink You Can Spill With SAFETY!

A [illegible] writes The Parker Pen Co.: "When [illegible] spilled a bottle of [illegible] we were [illegible] this accident we [illegible] ink away and got your [illegible] I had read that Quink [illegible] without trace? And it [illegible] You'll do women a great [illegible] tell them about this."

[illegible] ladies. But be sure you get WASHABLE Quink. Don't get our PERMANENT Quink [illegible] for everlasting [illegible] PERMANENT Quink is as permanent [illegible] at home and [illegible] SAFE ink is WASHABLE Quink [illegible] Get Quink today from any store selling ink. It is rich, full-bodied with a brilliancy of color.

The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Parker Quink

Made by the Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pens

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

L'AIGLON, IN CHICAGO, RENOWNED FOR ITS CONTINENTAL CHARM AND CUISINE. In this delightful place, Camel cigarettes are a popular favorite with diners. "Teddy," *(left)* genial host to the lively crowd you see above, is an internationally famous *maître d'hôtel*. "We find our patrons know not only good cooking," he says, "they know good tobacco. Camels are the most popular cigarette among L'Aiglon guests."

150-POUND DYNAMO! That's Tommy Bridges, of the World Champion Detroit Tigers. Tommy says: "Ball players have to watch digestion. I find Camels a real aid in helping digestion. Camels set me right!"

WIZARD ON SKIS, Sig Buchmayr, says: "When taking off there's a gripping feeling in the stomach. I smoke Camels while eating and afterwards. It seems to me that after good food there's nothing like smoking a Camel to aid digestion and build up a fine feeling of well-being."

STEEPLEJACK JOE BECK: "Many a time my stomach tightens in a high spot—but you wouldn't know it from the hearty way I eat. I'm careful about digestion—I smoke Camels to stimulate my digestion."

Smoking Camels eases tension—stimulates digestion—and fosters a feeling of well-being!

Again and again, we make up for lost time by eating in a hurry. Digestion must meet the strain. How fortunate that smoking Camels during and after meals definitely stimulates digestion and helps to ward off the effects of our hurried, nerve-wracking life—by aiding and restoring the natural flow of the digestive fluids. Today, the pleasure of smoking Camels is being everywhere recognized as a comforting and healthful part of the art of dining. Camels are incomparably mild. They never get on your nerves or tire your taste. Enjoy Camels with meals and the whole day through, for their matchless blend of costlier tobaccos—for their energizing "lift"—for the welcome feeling of *well-being* they bring you. Camels set you right! See how much more zest you have in smoking *and* in eating when you smoke Camels for digestion's sake.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

• Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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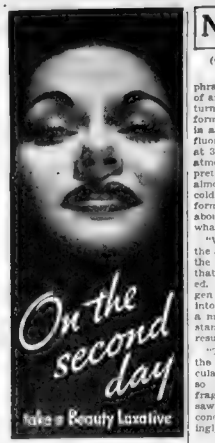


If you want to keep the sparkle in your eye and the peaches and cream in your complexion, get rid of accumulated body waste regularly.

If Nature fails to maintain a regular schedule, take a Beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are just the thing for the purpose. Gentle and mild, easy to swallow, non-habit-forming, they assist nature in her work without discomfort.

Keep tab on yourself. If more than a day goes by, take a beauty laxative—Olive Tablets. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS THE Beauty LAXATIVE

New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 25)

phragm which closed the circuit of an electric device, and this in turn liberated a quantity of some form of liquid fluorine, contained in a special vacuum bottle. Pure fluorine, as you now is liquefied at 305 degrees below zero F. (at atmospheric presure), which is pretty cold. But this stuff was almost solid I isgine, and so cold that it reject all heat by forming an inused stratum about itself—so at ust I explain what we saw

"When it came in ntact with the atmosphere it co med with the hydrogen with su violence that a shattering reacs ntailed. In combining with hydrogen of the air it was transuted into fluorescent hydroflu acid, a most deadly gas that is instantly. I distinctly ant the resulting ozonated oxyge

"The explosion—I shoutsay the chemical reaction—was alculated to destroy the contrase so thoroughly that only g fragments would be left. Ass saw yourself, the gas, before condensed to acid was astonu ingly luminous and rendered t air luminous too. To breathe it meant instant death. Also anyone seeing it unexpectedly would think it some supernatural manifestation.

"How he introduced the apparatus into the house in the case of Leopold Bouai, Jean Galmot and others I cannot say of course but thank Heaven, I heard in time that about a month ago a pretty lady-trawler called on Le Verrier and persuaded him to buy that beautiful, expensive clock you saw on his mantelshelf. She explained to Le Verrier that the absurdly low price she was asking of him would be compensated by the fact that it would advertise their goods since he was so well known. Everybody likes a bargain and so he bought t

I wonder what they'll have done had he refused. I expect they'd forgotten that too. Well that clock contained the whole bag of tricks gas and all. Quite safe too since only the word Pandora would set it in action. The clock was an infernal machine which worked when the telephone spoke the necessary word

"The butler—who tried to poison himself, by the way, when he realized the game was up—had been bribed merely to clip an amplifying apparatus on the telephone this afternoon. I believe he was tricked and didn't know what would happen."

"But the telephone was out of order!" I interrupted

"Naturally—they disconnected it somewhere outside to prevent anyone from discovering the amplifier beforehand. Exactly at midnight one of [illegible] men connected it again to enable Delamarre to word the Call as loud ly as though he had been in the room

"The beauty of the scheme had I not down word all this in time and given my orders to the exchange was that Delamarre could have spoken he was never near Le Verrier's place. It would have been impossible for anyone to prove him guilty of the man's death afterwards

"Luckily I had examined the dossiers of Leopold Bouai's case and Galmot's and knew pretty well a couple of days ago what to expect. I foresaw the clock would liberate the poison gas—and when this evening the telephone suddenly went wrong I had a look at it on the quiet. So I was ready for what would happen at midnight.

"Well, we've got the whole gang and I don't think the 'Call of Fate All!' will cause any more deaths. An incubus has been lifted from all these superstitious fools who believed in the legend. We have quite a number of rich Creoles in Paris you know, and from various reports I gather that Delamarre had amassed a tidy fortune already, which he'll certainly not take away with him to where he's going. I'd almost give him his life though to know exactly what his hydrofluoric acid or fluorine was combined with to keep it in such a condensed volume and frozen condition. He must have made a profound study of chemistry, improving tremendously on Moissan's experiments

"Under what heading are you going to classify the dossiers?" Bertillon asked with a laugh "Some frightfully dramatic title I suppose?"

I shook my head: "No—I think the 'Call of Fate All!' will do very well indeed."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

THEIR KEENNESS NEVER VARIES

STAR BLADES

MADE SINCE 1880 by the inventors of the original safety razor, Star Blades have 56 years of precision experience stropped into their keen, long-lasting edges. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10¢ for 4 blades to Dept. AW 8, Star Blade Division, 88 Johnson Street, Brooklyn, New York.

FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

4 FOR 10¢

Now! Banish Enlarged Pores In a Single Treatment!

— Blackheads Go, Too! —

Edna Wallace Hopper, "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old," discloses another of her startling youth revelations.

So many young women have asked me how to get rid of blackheads and reduce large pores

My answer is, "Purge the pores." *Use a laxative on your skin just as you would a laxative on your system.* I know most of you didn't know you could do this. That you're surprised such a thing can be done But it can. And very simply and quickly. *Often in a single treatment.*

What you use to do it is White Youth Pack. A preparation I found out about years ago in Paris.

I never let a week go by without using it myself. Once every week I purge my pores. I wish you could look at my skin and see the result. There's not a line, not a blemish on my face. My skin's as young, as fresh as it was when I was 16.

I brought the formula of White Youth Pack back from Paris I had my name put on it so you'd know you were getting the same thing I use. It is called *Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Pack or Clay.* The one made from the original French formula that does away with blackheads and large pores, in a single treatment.

You can get it at any drug or department store for a few cents. The whole treatment takes only a few minutes' time. Full directions come with every tube.

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Under Royal Patronage *By Lady Troubridge*

(Continued from Page 23)

head on it, between her outspread arms.

For Rosa, this time, there was no way out.

* * *

The State visit of the King and Queen of Slavonia to England had terminated. Their Majesties were leaving London the next day, which city, as the King mentioned in a letter of thanks to the Lord Mayor, who had given a banquet in his honor, he had not seen for four years.

He was indeed thankful for the welcome extended to him, as representative of the kingdom now struggling towards an era of peace and prosperity.

The Queen's last afternoon was to be spent with a former lady-in-waiting, now domiciled in England. She had forgotten to inquire the King's movements, which, as it happened, was convenient.

His Majesty summoned his aide-de-camp.

"Consult the telephone book, he said, "and find the number of a restaurant which used to be called the Couronne D'Or, in Athens Street, and was kept by a Monsieur Broget."

"I will make all inquiries, Majesty."

In a few minutes he returned.

The Couronne D'Or still exists, Sir. It is now owned by Franz Weber, who married the niece of the late Monsieur Broget."

"Ah," said the King, thoughtfully.

For a moment he appeared remote, almost dreamy.

So... she had married Franz.

"I owe these worthy people a visit, Gregor," he said. "It is strictly private. You will accompany me. Make the appointment today for five o'clock, we will drink coffee there. That is the quietest time in the restaurant."

The aide-de-camp looked surprised.

How should the King know this?

That, however, was not his affair. He clicked his heels again and departed to order the royal car.

The restaurant was swept and garnished, when, at five o'clock, precisely, the King of Slavonia, followed by his aide-de-camp, entered the glass-topped door of the Couronne D'Or.

Franz was waiting, on one side of it. Rosa on the other. He passed between them, and they followed him into the familiar room. They four were alone.

Will Your Majesty honor us drinking a cup of coffee?" Franz.

With pleasure."

The King sat at one table, his aide-de-camp at another. Franz and the King, and Rosa his gentleman-in-waiting.

Franz was broader, soon he would be portly. Rosa, too, was shade plumper, and many ars graver. Otherwise, they so much the same. It was the g who had changed, so that ing asked himself in a stupor ether it were possible that this upstart, coldly smiling, aloof man had ever been at his beck and

offer you my belated congratulations, Monsieur Weber. Then did your marriage take ace?"

I had to wait two years for happiness, Your Majesty, but came at last."

Any children?"

A boy, Sire."

I, too," said Nikolas, "have a

"We heard of the birth of the Crown Prince, Your Majesty."

"Can I," said the King, "have a word with Madame Weber? My time is limited."

"Aha," thought Franz, "he has not quite forgotten."

He bowed low.

"Madame Weber will attend Your Majesty," and he slid into the dark passage Nikolas knew so well. A moment later Rosa was by his side, smiling at him.

"Take a seat Madame Weber," said the King.

Rosa sat down.

"Four years since we met," he said. "It goes quickly, Madame Weber."

"Not always, Your Majesty. Sometimes it is very slow in passing."

"I trust your domestic happiness is assured, and that your business will prosper," he said formally.

Rosa shrugged her shoulders.

"Life goes up—and it goes down," she said. "But there is always a way out of every trouble."

The King remembered the familiar slogan. His eyes grew sad.

"You found the way for me once," he said. "It was the right way but it was hard."

Rosa leaned forward, as if his words had broken a spell.

"But now, Nikki, are you happy?"

For the last time he looked into her brown eyes.

He smiled at her. Then sighed.

"Rosa, I am content."

When the long, black car had turned the corner of the street Franz rubbed his hands together.

"The Equerry, he told me we may add three words to the sign above our door, Rosa. 'Under Royal Patronage.' That is what we are henceforth."

"Royal Patronage," said Rosa. "That's funny!" But her eyes were full of tears.

The End.

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve the itching of Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

? STRANGE TRANSPARENT PORTRAIT from ANY SNAPSHOT

CHOW mysterious sample to your friends and make money taking orders for the smash hit of the year. Impossible to describe—hard to believe even when you see it a sensational new invention makes any snapshot into large 8 x 10 Portrait that looks and wears like transparent porcelain photo. [illegible] Repeat Sales. Don't send money—just name. We'll tell you HOW and where to [illegible] and get your picture without [illegible]

LIFETIME PORTRAIT SOCIETY, Dept. 433
1037 Evans St. Cincinnati, Ohio

2 DogWorm Capsules

NOW Combined in ONE

PULVEX Concentrated WORM CAPSULES

DO YOU CHOKE, WHEEZE & GASP FOR BREATH?

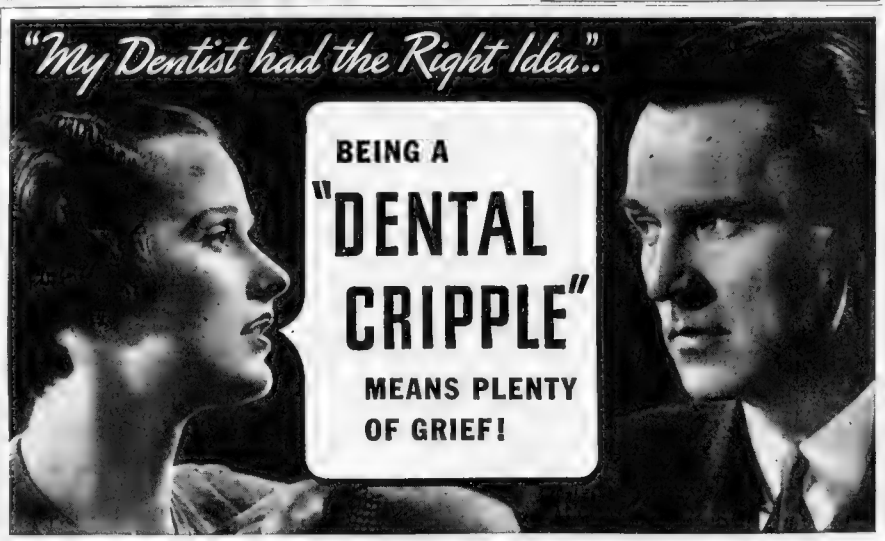
"If you are sick and tired of gasping and struggling for breath—tired of sitting up night after night losing much needed rest and sleep, write me at once for a FREE trial of the medicine that gave me lasting relief from the attacks of asthma. I suffered agony for nearly six years. Now I have no more spells of choking, gasping and wheezing and sleep sound all night long. Write today for a FREE trial. Your name and address on a post card will bring it by return mail." O. W. Dean, President. Free Breath Products Company, Dept. 1423-A, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Roast Breast of Spring Lamb

WIPE a breast of lamb with a clean damp cloth after having the butcher crack the bones so that it can be carved easily. Remove foreshank and grind meat from the foreshank for the savory stuffing. Make a pocket in the breast by cutting through the flesh close to the ribs. Sprinkle the inside of the pocket with salt and pepper, lightly fill with hot savory stuffing, and sew in place with coarse white thread. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Place, ribs down, on a rack in roasting pan. Do not add any water. Roast in a hot oven, or at about 480 degrees F., for 30 minutes. Baste with drippings in pan or a little melted bacon fat. Reduce heat to about 300 degrees F. and continue cooking in uncovered pan until tender about 1½ or 1¾ hours. Serve with brown gravy.

"My Dentist had the Right Idea.."

BEING A "DENTAL CRIPPLE" MEANS PLENTY OF GRIEF!



Help your dentist—give your gums the work they need—

Switch TO IPANA AND MASSAGE *today!*

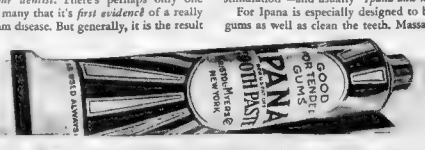
YOUR DENTIST can't call on you every day, and massage your gums. But your dentist *can* advise you. And he *does* advise you: "Don't neglect tender, ailing gums—don't ignore that tell-tale tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush!"

"Pink tooth brush" is a warning. When you see it—*see your dentist.* There's perhaps only one chance in many that it's *first evidence* of a really serious gum disease. But generally, it is the result of our modern soft food menus—the protest of gums that have never been given enough work to keep them *firm and healthy.*

If that is true in your case, your dentist will know what you should do. His advice will undoubtedly be "more exercise for your gums, more stimulation"—and usually *"Ipana and massage."*

For Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with fingertip or brush every time you brush your teeth. Modern dental practice approves it—because Ipana plus massage speeds circulation, wakens lazy tissues to new life.

Help your dentist. Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't risk serious gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. Keep out of that unhappy group—*the "dental cripples."* Switch to Ipana and massage today.



Remember—A good Tooth Paste, like a good Dentist, is never a Luxury

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Stop PAINFUL PINCHING
EASE NEW OR TIGHT SHOES

Painful pinching or pressing of new or tight shoes stops the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Corns, callouses or bunions are relieved at once. These thin, soothing, healing, *medically safe* pads cushion and shield the sensitive spot; prevent sore toes and blisters. Separate *Medicated Disks* are included in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly, safely removing corns or callouses. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

—2 KINDS—
New DE LUXE *flesh color* . . 35¢
STANDARD WHITE, *now* 25¢

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

FREE! Mail coupon to Dr. Scholl's, Inc. Dept. 467, Chicago, Ill., for booklet "The Feet and Their Care" and a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns.

Name
Street
City State

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo Imperia color is streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 20)

Lecturing over the air in Los Angeles, Mallow produced a note which shattered the glass rod. You remember the radio was on, when we burst in here, don't you, Brice?"

"I remember!" Dan looked both grim and puzzled.

"That note so shattered the globe of glass inside the airship model. There must have been enough semi-vacuum or air between glass and rubber to permit free vibration in the globe. The balloon collapsed and shot a stream of gas down on Osterhout. One whiff and him unconscious—"

"But he was stabbed to death," muttered Dan.

"Exactly. The gas might not kill him—only knock him out. They had to get him unconscious before they could stab him. Stabbing would make sure of him and keep us from suspecting the gas—make the murder seem impossible. There were bars on the windows. Both doors were bolted on the inside. Well, one of them smashed that little window with a bullet. And one of them ble the boat hook—"

"I broke the window with the spare rifle," said Mrs. Mallow wearily. "That thing there to the boat hook night before la and we tied the paper cutter the end of it."

"What about Linklater's coat?" Garrett asked.

"Oh, let me tell it!" said Mrs. Mallow. "I knew the tim of the experiment. I went ou the passage in my pajama climbed in Linklater's windo and put on his coat to keep m own things dry. Then I stood o a box outside that little windo and pulled out the handkerchie In a minute I saw the rod d glass burst. Osterhout slumpe back in his chair. I reached i and unlocked the window. When it was open, I got the paper cutter through the bars on the end of the boat hook, measured the distance to Osterhout's chest and swung hard. I used to swing an ax right handy. The knife went in just like butter."

All the men stared at her curiously.

"Why did you do it?" Garrett asked.

"Because Wort, there, promised to get us at least five million dollars from some foreign government for the plans. We knew America wouldn't pay that —and we'd get only half. That slimy creature promised me a trip around the world—"

"Your husband? But—he double-crossed Wort!"

"As he double-crossed me! He wanted Celia! He swore he didn't, but he was always talking about her hands! Oh, the bug! Look at him! I've done everything a wife can—"

"How could he sell the plans without Wort?"

"I guess he could. Maybe Wort tried to get Celia."

"No!" came Wort's indignant voice from down the room. "Mallow wanted all the money! And about her hands! Oh, the bug! Gyp him! Go on, woman! Put the noose around his neck!"

Mallow flung up his head and screamed hoarsely.

"About tonight," said Garrett. "You kept the paper cutter in your sewing basket? Was that why I never found it? When Mallow came back to the living room and got it out of the basket, you went to that little window again? This time you had padded the end of the boat hook? Is that right?"

Mrs. Mallow nodded.

"Perfectly! Ephriam got the dagger out of my sewing basket right under your nose almost. I was on a box at the window with the padded boat hook. I meant to pull out the handkerchief, but it fell into the room. Anyhow, I saw what happened. Ephriam got the dumb detective to look up at the model, while he slipped behind him. He grabbed Fallon's mouth and stabbed him to death. There wasn't a sound. Then he walked to the door, opened it, and said something to make Fallon seem alive."

Garrett nodded. "When Mallow closed the door, you made the sound of footsteps retreating, by thumping your pole on the floor? I heard them."

"You did!" said Mrs. Mallow. "And we fooled you."

"Yes, for a while. Who stole my tie and planted it in Vane's room? Who knocked the barbs off Vane's fish spear? And planted the line in Vane's dressing-gown pocket?"

"That!" said Mrs. Mallow, pointing to her husband. "He did all those things about four o'clock yesterday morning, and chucked the spear down on the beach for you to find."

"Making a little too much evidence against Vane," said Garrett dryly. "Who poisoned my drinking water?"

"To be quite frank with you, I did."

"Mallow gave you the stuff and you did it last night?"

"Yes. You almost caught me. I threw away the bottle."

Garrett nodded. "Well, I guess that's all. You will confess to your share of both murders, when the police come?"

"Yes! Everything!" Mrs. Mallow shouted at him.

"I see. We'll have to lock you up in the storeroom for tonight. I guess you know the place. You tried to get the spare rifle out of there last night again, to signal down to Wort, eh? But you heard me and borrowed Osterhout's instead?"

The woman nodded. "Lock me up, if you like. Think I care what happens to me—if I can punish him?"

Dan took her across the court and locked her in the storeroom with a chair and some drinking water.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Conclusion.

LINKLATER died during the night.

Early in the morning, at low tide, Blaine's carpenter patched up the speed-boat, now high and dry in her slip.

After breakfast everyone packed for a general exodus, including the Mallows under guard. Celia kept to her room.

At eleven of a beautiful, sunny day, Ryan turned up in a big police launch with two detectives and a photographer.

Blaine's men carried Vane down to their boat and rowed him to the destroyer, bound for the hospital. His wounds were painful but not dangerous with proper care.

While the ex-marines got Susan, Brisson and their packages aboard the power-boat, the police took down Mrs. Mallow's full confession and had her sign it. They carried the bodies of Osterhout, Linklater and Fallon aboard their craft. Then Wort and the Mallows were put aboard in irons. Wort faced a charge of murder along with the Mallows.

Everyone on the island would be wanted in Santa Barbara for the trial. When the police launch departed, Dan and his men got unwise, for she turned over quickly and sat up.

Garrett settled himself opposite, to look at her.

"You knew the combination of the safe?" he inquired.

"Ye-es. It was five-nine-one. The vowels in my name as they come in the alphabet."

"Would you be kind enough to explain why you went to meet Mallow last night—and told him the combination?"

"I was an awful fool," admitted Celia in a small voice. "But you were so—nard! In the court before dinner, Mallow said that you'd take the plane if you could, and we'd have to accept whatever the government offered us—because they had the plans. He said if we got them out of the safe and hid them, we'd be in a much better position to sell them for more money. So I promised to meet him at eleven, just beyond the back door, and tell him. I knew you'd fuss around, so I left Susan to answer. I didn't care anything about the extra money. B-but I didn't want you to get away with the plans!"

"Perfectly logical," said Garrett ironically. "He did say he'd look after your interests? At least that much of what you told me was true? I suppose that was when he kissed you?"

"He just kissed my hands!" Celia flared. "And it was true! I couldn't tell you what else he said. I thought you'd get the plans somehow—"

"May I ask how he could get the plans out of the safe with Fallon there? I mean, what he told you?"

Celia was looking down at her hands like a child.

"He said Fallon wouldn't mind b-because the police and the Federal men are always at loggerheads—"

"And you believed all that?" Garrett marveled.

"Well—well—I've known Mallow for months and months and he never was anything but polite to me!"

"So you met him and told him. Then what happened?"

"Somebody grabbed me and that's all I remember! How could he steal me? I'd simply run away from him!"

"In a foreign country? Where you couldn't speak the language? He was probably heading for South America."

"But what did he want with me?"

"To keep you from telling on him," Garrett lied. "I might add that you've been a great help all along."

"You don't like girls, do you?" asked Celia meekly.

"No!" said Garrett. "Not dizzy ones!"

"No. Well, I don't know what I'll do now exactly."

"You'll settle down with Vane, I hope. The doctor left Vane everything. With that and the airship, you'll both have all the money that's good for you—and more, too," Garrett snarled.

"Well! Who wants to live with a sort of brother?"

"Brother! I thought you were in love with him!"

"Well, I'm not!" retorted Celia in a breathless fury. "I'm in love with you!"

Garrett leaned toward her, his eyes blazing.

"That's one kind of a joke I won't stand!"

Celia caught the full impact of his eyes and recoiled.

"But I am!" she whimpered. "You b-big dumbbell!"

Through a haze, Garrett saw Dan watching them from the stern of the power-boat. He rose and took Celia's arm.

"We've got a little, small cabin here—"

Celia nodded. "Oh, be quick! If you don't kiss me pretty soon, I'll die!"

The End.

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Work-A-Day Lady
By Maysie Greig

Beauty and Brains Clash for the Love of a Modern Prince Charming

Ashamed OF THESE?

Miss Constance Hall of New York

BLEMISHES—*"Show up terribly"*
BLACKHEADS—*"Skin never looks clear"*
LARGE PORES—*"Texture getting worse"*

Fight them in your **UNDER SKIN**

A GIRL who has a bad skin can't forget it. She always feels that men's eyes are looking straight at that bothersome blemish or the coarse pores on her cheeks. Faults that no girl can just "laugh off"!

Take them seriously . . . Treat them intelligently. First you must

Mrs. Anthony Drexel III
beautiful Society woman: "Pond's Cold Cream tones up my skin. Blackheads and blemishes never come!"

know: "Where do they begin?" The answer is—in your *underskin*.

See the diagram at right. Read the story. Learn how tiny glands, nerves, cells make your outer skin what it is—good or bad. When they are overtaxed, your pores fill up with thick clogging oils . . . stretch wide. Blackheads, blemishes start coming fast!

Cleanse, Invigorate—both

Now you know where skin faults begin. Treat them there with Pond's deep-skin cream.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed fine oils, does more than cleanse. As the dirt, make-up float out of your pores, wipe it all off . . . *and put in more cream*. This way you rouse your underskin, start it rushing beauty to your outer skin!

Soon pores aren't clogging. Blackheads, blemishes stop coming. As your loveliness increases, you take on a new proud air, wholly confident and charming.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up. Wipe off and pat in more cream *briskly*—to rouse your *underskin*, keep your outer skin faultless.

Every morning, repeat treatment. Apply powder right afterward—skin is smooth, soft.

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Onion Soup

ONIONS are—well, onions are onions. But they make onion soup, turkey stuffing de luxe, salad dressings without equal, baked onions as vegetable—and yes, of course, an onion and potato soup, says the Director of Applecroft Experiment Station.

Here are simple recipes for a favorite French dish.

Onion Soup (soupe a l' oignon): Slice a dozen onions thinly. Saute them slowly in butter over a low fire, turning frequently so they become lightly colored. Add a tablespoon of flour. Season with salt and pepper and add some bouillon, enough to make 6 small cups of soup. Into this break up small bits of bread. Add a generous tablespoon of grated cheese to each cup or bowl and set in oven a few moments until the cheese melts. Serve at once.

Onion and Potato Soup: Three cups scalded milk, 4 medium potatoes diced, 4 onions chopped, 1 cup potato cooking water, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, salt, pepper, celery seed. Boil potatoes and onions together until tender, then strain pulp through fine sieve, reserving 1 cup of liquor. Make a sauce of the flour, butter and liquid, adding the scalded milk. Add the pulp and season. Strain again, sprinkling with parsley and the celery seeds. (Minced celery may be added to the vegetables while they are cooking.) Garnish with bits of crisp bacon and serve immediately in individual cups.

Libby's *exclusive process "explodes"*
food cells.. that's why these foods are

so much easier for your baby to digest!

TESTS show that Libby's specially *Homogenized* vegetables, fruits, cereal and soup are *far easier to digest* than the finest strained foods you can prepare at home . . . or buy at your grocer's.

Many doctors are recommending them as early as three months because they digest so easily!

It's because Libby's special process does something the most careful straining can never do . . .

Why Libby's Foods Are Different

Whole food cells like this are found in the best strained foods. They *impr*ison valuable nourishment.

Libby's special Homogenization "explodes" these cells—*sets free* all nourishment for easy digestion.

All coarse, irritating fibers are also subdivided into tiny particles by Libby's special process. Natural bulk necessary for normal elimination is, of course, retained.

Extra Nourishment, Too

Scientists also find that Libby's Baby Foods digest *far more completely* than strained foods. Baby uses less energy in digesting them . . . gets more nourishment for developing firm muscles, sound bones and teeth.

Ask your doctor when to start your baby on Libby's Homogenized Foods. They're priced so low you can feed them every day. All leading grocers carry them.

Be sure to insist on Libby's Baby Foods. No others are so easy to digest, so nourishing!

Libby's

HOMOGENIZED
FOODS FOR BABIES

"Libby's Combinations make it easy to give baby a balanced diet"

Another Libby improvement is welcomed by mothers everywhere! Instead of including only one vegetable or one fruit in a tin, Libby includes three or more! These combinations were recommended by leading Baby Specialists to give baby *balanced* values of vitamins, minerals and other essentials every day. This new dietetic advance makes feeding a balanced diet so much easier. Saves work for mother—and money, too!

6 Scientifically Balanced Combinations

1 Peas, beets, asparagus tips
2 String beans, tomatoes, pumpkin
3 Carrots, spinach, peas
4 Cereal—whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal
5 Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice
6 Soup—vegetables, chicken livers, barley

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Every mother of a little baby will want this book discussing vital problems of care and feeding.

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Please send me, without charge, new booklet, "Safer Feeding for Your Baby."

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There are many lotions for your hands—but Frostilla has something extra—*fragrance!* Its lovely scent is an extra touch of luxury and niceness—an irresistible addition to its unequalled soothing, smoothing qualities. Choose and use Frostilla; it has everything you seek in a hand lotion—*plus fragrance!*

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Among the 29 million American families who face the problem of building sound, healthy bodies at less cost per person, more and more thousands are turning to PECANO. This remarkable food has proved one of the fastest-digesting articles of human diet, yet it is three times as nourishing as beefsteak, 10 times as nourishing as milk—69% natural laxative vegetable oil and 12% protein. It promotes regular, healthy elimination, yet can not over-stimulate. PECANO is a completely natural food, containing only finely flaked nut meats, and in this form is readily digested by extreme youth or age, even without chewing. In addition, it adds a delicious new flavor to raw or cooked foods. Write for FREE SAMPLE No. 52, and 10 delicious recipes.
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. . . . the hostess who uses Royledge Shelving at a nickel!

THE SMART HOSTESS today lets her neighbors waste time *and money* on fancy shelf edgings that have to be tacked up and torn down for laundering; *she* invests one nickel in Royledge . . . and trims 9 feet of shelves so that they're something to look at and talk about!

This new shelving can be laid in a jiffy; it protects the entire shelf and decorates the edge with bright, crisp, colorful patterns. The firm double edge will always hang straight, never curl up in dampness, nor become a catch-all for dust. It lasts for months.

"Royledge" is for sale nearby. Five-and-ten, dept. and neighborhood stores carry it in many decorator-designed patterns. Just look for the large Royledge package . . . 5c for 9 full feet . . . or in 10c sizes. Made by Roylace, 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Royledge
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"Feel the edge"

When You Have Extra Bread Crumbs

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chocolate Puffs.

MELT 2 squares of chocolate in 1 cup of milk in the top of a double boiler. Add 1 cup fine cracker crumbs, ½ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Remove from the fire and add 1 beaten egg and a few drops vanilla. Pour into buttered custard cups, set in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven until firm in center. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or hard sauce. If a lighter texture is desired, add 2 or 3 stiffly beaten egg whites just before pouring into the custard cups.

Bread Crumb Soup.

BROWN ½ cup whole wheat bread crumbs in the oven. Add 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 2¼ cups boiling water and 2¼ cups scalded milk. Cook together in a double boiler for 15 minutes or until ready to serve. A few drops of onion juice may be added.

Bread and Ham or Chicken Timbales.

COMBINE 1½ cups stale bread crumbs with 1¼ cups milk and cook to a paste. Add 2 cups minced ham or chicken (cooked), 2 well beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon onion juice, a scant teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Mix well and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, turn into buttered timbale molds, set them in a pan of hot water and cook in the oven about ½ hour. Turn out and serve with cream or tomato sauce or buttered or creamed green peas.

Cheese Delight.

SOAK 1 cup stale bread crumbs in 1 cup milk for 15 minutes. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a double boiler, add the crumbs, ½ teaspoon salt and a little pepper and 1 slightly beaten egg. Cook over hot water until egg thickens. Add ¾ cup grated cheese and stir until cheese melts. Pour over hot toast and serve immediately.

Bread Crumb Tea Cake.

MELT 2 tablespoons *shortening* and add ⅔ *cup* sugar, ½ teaspoon orange *extract*, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1½ *cups* flour mixed and sifted *with* 1½ teaspoons baking *powder* and ½ teaspoon salt *and* beat well. Pour into a *small* buttered pan. Press the *following* mixture gently into *the top* and bake in a moderate *oven*. Serve warm. Crumb *Mixture* for Tea Cake: Mix 2 *tablespoons* butter, ¾ cup fine bread *crumbs*, 3 tablespoons *sugar and* 1½ teaspoons cinnamon.

Crumb Cake.

CREAM ½ cup butter with 1 cup sugar. Add 2 cups flour and 1 *cup* chopped nuts. Mix well. *Reserve* 1½ cups of this *mixture* to sprinkle on top. To *the remainder* add 2 teaspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sour milk and 1 beaten egg. Mix well and bake in a shallow buttered pan, sprinkling the reserved mixture over the top. Bake in a moderate oven.

Apple Bread Crumb Pudding.

BLEND 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Have ready 2 cups of bread crumbs and 3 cups sliced pared apples. Place about ¼ of the bread crumbs in a greased baking dish. Add ⅓ of the apples. Sprinkle with ⅓ of the sugar mixture. Repeat, finishing with a layer of crumbs. Mix ⅓ cup water, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Pour over the pudding and dot with 2 tablespoons butter. Bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3415—THE PERFECT FROCK FOR A CHARMING APPEARANCE. YOKE AND BOW MAY CONTRAST. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3245—SIMPLE TAILORING DISTINGUISHES A SPORTS FROCK OF COTTON OR SILK. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3414—GREET THE SPRING IN A FLATTERING AFTERNOON FROCK WHOSE YOKE MAY MATCH OR CONTRAST. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3215—TINY WOMEN—LARGE WOMEN—ALL WILL FIND A PERFECT FOUNDATION IN THIS WRAP-AROUND SLIP. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3416—MAKE THIS JAUNTY TWO-PIECER TAKE YOU PLACES THROUGH THE SPRING AND SUMMER. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3413—PUT THE YOUNGSTERS INTO "PRINT," AND LET THEM PLAY ALL DAY IN A COTTON BLOOMER FROCK. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅜-yard contrast.

Pattern 3417—NOTHING QUITE SO FLATTERING FOR THE MATRON AS CAPELET SLEEVES AND RIPPLING JABOT. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15c EACH.

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Tuna Fish Pie

PIES are the order of the Spring season. Try a few new ones—at least, those which may be new to your family.

And in so doing don't overlook the clam pie of the New Englander, the oyster pie of the South Atlantic seaboard, and other unusual recipes.

Something new for the modern hostess is a tuna fish pie. Use the best quality fish, pick over and flake lightly. Make a genuine cream sauce, add finely minced green pepper, and cook until the sauce is smooth and blended.

Then add the fish and season well. Pour into small ramequins and bake with a cutout crust of thin rolled pastry. Serve with a zestful onion and relish salad or similar cold contrasting dish, for the Sunday buffet.

Hard eggs go well here, too, and help extend such a dish economically.

Another good dish for Sunday buffet or supper is Hot Seafood Sandwich Snacks: Use 2 cups canned crab meat, lobster, shrimps or oysters, chopped coarsely; 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, grains salt, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce (or Mushroom catsup), ½ cup milk or seafood liquor, 4 slices very hot buttered toast, ½ cup finely grated sharp Cheddar cheese, bacon strips for garnish. Mix chopped seafoods with flour, mustard, salt and sauce. Heat milk or liquor, and add chopped mixture and cook together until mixture thickens.

Spread on buttered toast, sprinkle with grated cheese and place under broiler until cheese is melted. Garnish each sandwich with crisp strip of bacon, previously cooked, and serve immediately with any small gherkin or pickle relish.

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RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
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Make Mealtime an Adventure

Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu

BUCKWHEAT CAKES AND SAUSAGE SUPPER

Tomato Soup — Wafers
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS
Butter — Syrup — Sausage Cakes
Coffee

How to make good Buckwheat Cakes

1. Mix milk or water with equal amounts of Aunt Jemima Buckwheat. In a twinkling batter is ready.

2. Have griddle or skillet just hot enough. To test, put a drop of water on griddle. If it goes right up in a puff of steam, griddle is too hot.

If it bounces around a second before evaporating, griddle is not enough.

3. Grease griddle very lightly. Don't pour grease on. Spread it thinly with pad.

4. Pour batter into griddle. Let each side bake until a golden brown.

NEW MEAL
PLANNING SERVICE AT GROCERS

YOUR grocer can now deliver in one order anything you need for Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu. Complete with printed, easy directions. With Aunt Jemima's special buckwheat mixture it's so easy to get soul-satisfying hot cakes, light, well-done, and ripe with flavor. And with far more fluffiness than ordinary bread or biscuit flour, because Aunt Jemima's contains only about half as much gluten as ordinary flour. And gluten, you know, is the taffy-like substance in flour that resists heat and slows up the baking process. . . . That's why, with about half the gluten of ordinary flour, Aunt Jemima's buckwheat cakes come out so perfectly done, so tender, fluffy and light in the few short minutes they are on the fire.

Anything you need for this marvelous low cost menu will be delivered by your grocer in one order. Complete with printed, easy directions.

A stack of three Aunt Jemima buckwheat cakes, a square of butter and one ounce of syrup are only 391 calories. Yet standard diets permit a total of 2,000 to 4,000 calories in the three daily meals. . . . Serve Aunt Jemima's Magic Menu at the next meal.

Insist on
AUNT JEMIMA
to guarantee Fluffiness
Pancake Flour *in the red package* . . . Buckwheat *in the yellow package*

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THERE'S *Magic* IN A BOWL OF . . .

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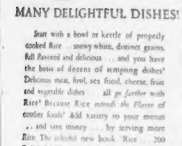
MANY DELIGHTFUL DISHES!

Start with a bowl or kettle of properly cooked Rice . . . snowy-white, distinct grains, full flavored and delicious . . . and you have the basis of dozens of tempting dishes! Delicious meat, fowl, sea food, cheese, fruit and vegetable dishes . . . all go further with Rice! Because Rice extends the Flavor of costlier foods! Add variety to your menus . . . and save money . . . by serving more Rice. The colorful new book "Rice . . . 200 Delightful Ways to Serve It" is a treasure-house of recipes and menus for the busy home manager. Mail the coupon now for your Free copy!

Try
Rice and Ham . . . Page 18
Mashed Rice Ring, With Fruit . . . Page 19
Vegetable Cups With Rice . . . Page 11



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Specials Off March Housewares Shelves

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WITH Spring even nearer than just around the corner, it's time for the home manager to think of Spring cleaning, shifting the household scenery into its Summer setting, and laying away the family's heavy Winter clothing and bedding. Just the same old seasonal jobs!

But even these familiar and traditional jobs will be done with more zest, if the work is pointed up either by a new method, a novel gadget, or a more scientific product. Each year chemical and scientific laboratories bring forth improvements and developments, and often some of the by-products of such invention are manufactured into materials or articles to benefit the home.

One such practical novelty which has been turned out in connection with wider commercial uses, is a blanket bag. This bag is intended to be used on an individual blanket, keeping the blanket clean, instantly available, and visible.

The material of which the bag is made is a transparent gauze or netting, reinforced by cellulose film, which allows it to be stiff and keep its shape. The seams of the bag are bound with bright colored tape, and the bottom flap is fitted with snap-fasteners so that the bag may be buttoned up securely after the blanket is inside.

Each blanket may be stored in such a visible bag before being laid on the closet shelves; or a Summer blanket may be kept in it, and laid at the foot of the bed, or elsewhere in the room, for that often needed emergency extra warmth even in hot weather. Anyone who knows the annoyance of trying to pull out one blanket from a large pile of several blankets, will appreciate the convenience and ease of using this individual protector.

Something new in dish towels and cleaning cloths should be news to the home manager, especially at this housecleaning season. Naturally the chief feature of any towel or cloth is its absorptive or drying qualities—if it doesn't absorb, it is not a good towel!

Now while linen and cotton fibres have been used for years, it is only recently that science has produced a synthetic fibre composed of linen, cotton and rayon, all so spun together that the resulting thread is a very thirsty fibre when woven into a towel. These new articles are smart, also, with contrasting bands and borders, adding a fresh color note to the kitchen towel rack.

During Spring cleaning and washing of the china closet and its contents, a practical suggestion is to cover the newly washed stacks of plates with special dish protector bags. Even in the neatest of kitchens or best kept of pantries, a fine film of dust is bound to descend on seldom used dishes.

These bags are lightweight, taped in green and other kitchen colors, and are made in sizes of standard dinner-ware plates. Such a set of covers for the spare china will not only insure spotlessness, but are in themselves, quite decorative.

Mention again of bags, takes us also to the refrigerator for which likewise new types of coverings have been developed for food use. In the refrigerator it is always important to prevent foods drying out, especially small bits of left-overs, cheese, fruit, etc.

These new transparent envelopes, in varying sizes, are just right to slip over the top of half a melon, a pat of butter or a slice of cake. Their appeal lies in the fact that it has been scientifically proved that foods so covered keep moist longer—a large cake, for example, retaining its original freshness, even after a week's covering in such a bag.

Another point—foods so protected individually will not result in a clash of odors—cheese and bananas will not penetrate to less odorous foods.

Bags—and still another type of bag! This one is intended to hold silver, especially valuable silver not often used in Summer, and to prevent it from tarnishing. These bags are made of impregnated material or fabric which resists the chemical action of air on silver.

The bags are made in the shape of individual mittens to be slipped over each large piece of silver, as, for example, a pie server or ladle, and also come in large bags divided into smaller pockets so that an entire dinner set may be arranged and laid away in one container.

It is claimed that such chemically treated bags will prevent silver tarnish for one entire year. Certainly this would be a boon to the housewife who is blessed with a quantity of silver, or who grudges the time necessitated by usual silver polishing methods.

An item which is not new, but which is still too little used in the average home, is the non-skid bathmat. This rubber mat is fitted with vacuum cups on the under side, so that it is impossible for the person stepping out of the tub and onto the mat, to slip. With increased Summer bathing, such a mat is a wise, as it is also a small investment.

At last there has been invented a better type of wall dust-mop or cleaner. The new model mop is made of soft paper manufactured to the softness and texture of cheese-cloth or soft felt. It is also chemically treated to pick up or absorb dust. The mop comes in a roll which slips onto its handle in the usual manner.

Run the mop over the walls, on the ceilings, along door and window cornices—and after the outer surface is dirty, all that is needed is to tear off the soiled surface and lo!—a brand clean mop is ready for use. It can be used as well on floors or any other surfaces.

While the old-fashioned washboard is now almost as extinct as the ancient tallow-dip lamp, a new improvement in the portable board has value in many households where light washing is done frequently. This board is combined with a rubber wringer mounted just above the steel corrugated surface.

Operated by a simple handle, it is possible to both rub and wring with the same board. Further, the board is mounted on a light frame, to keep it upright during use, or to stand more conveniently when not in use.

For rubbing hosiery, baby needs, and similar light hand-washing, this double-purpose laundry aid is most practical.

There has also been a better design of the familiar pedal-operated garbage disposal can. In the new models the outer and inner cans, both, are not quite circular, but half-circular or visor type. The advantage of this flat back model is that the pail may then be placed flush against the wall, and thus save space.

Again, in the new models, the lid moves down, when the pedal is pushed on, and this gives a much easier clearance when lifting up the inner garbage can. Enameled in white and a choice of good colors, such a can should also find a place in the bathroom, the nursery, etc., as well as in the kitchen.

Gadgets for the bathroom seem to bloom as universally as crocuses these days. One of the most novel seen on the March housewares shelves is an individual toothbrush holder equipped to hold five brushes. Like a tiny box, the partition doors of the holder close, and thus protect the brushes, which are to be used in a daily rotation. A germicide contained in the holder sends off a pleasant antiseptic aroma.

Shower curtains are being marketed of new materials. In general these textiles are less rubbery and more soft, pliable, and washable—all important advantages. Besides, good designers have been putting their minds to this particular subject with the result that most unusual, amusing and charming ideas are incorporated in the curtain which girds the morning bath. One design featuring bars of music in red and black on a white fabric is bound to keep husbands happy while showering!

Keeping the ironing cord out of the way of the work and the arm while ironing is one of the minor problems which must be solved if rapid and freeflowing ironing is to follow.

One new device for just this requirement is a combination consisting of a five foot length of cord, a stand which attaches to the ironing board, and a length of extension cord. The elastic type of cord is supported by the stand at one end and by the iron at the other, in such a way that there is just enough tension. This prevents any drag on the cord and hence keeps the cord out of the way of the iron and the garment being ironed.

Fewer homes each year require the services of the large old-fashioned wooden curtain stretchers; but a stretcher for table doilies constructed on a similar model appeals to many housewives who find it difficult to evenly stretch and dry their round and oval table doilies and place mats.

This small stretcher consists of four seasoned perforated wood boards. The boards slide together on grooves and are held in place by metal corners. The pieces adjust easily to any size or diameter, and small rustproof nails are used for pinning the doilies to the stretcher.

Different kinds of embroidery, also, can be so stretched, or anything with a lace or fringe edge. Women who do much handicraft of this nature will welcome such an adjustable stretcher and drier.

It is possible to mention but a few of the novelties and unusual appliances which have just been placed on the market with a view to attracting Mrs. Consumer and aiding her in keeping the home up-to-date. But these items must include mention of one ingenious improvement on the familiar baby scale—an addition which will certainly appeal to all mothers of small tots.

This scale, like a very shallow scoop and with the indicating gauge on the side, plays a tune if you wish! And what baby wouldn't? It's the old-fashioned music-box up to the minute.

The idea is a sure bet that the baby will be so fascinated by the music that it will lie still and not wiggle while its weight is being taken daily.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

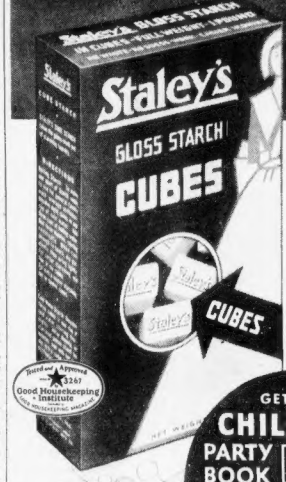
By Mary Lee Swann

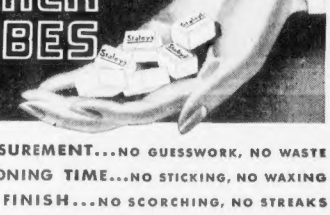
MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Tea Biscuits, Coffee. *Luncheon* Small Meat Pies (Left-Overs), Buttered Brussels Sprouts, Cottage Cheese, Crackers, Grape Jelly, Tea. *Dinner* Veal Birds, Baked Potatoes or Noodles, Buttered Asparagus, Romaine and Celery Salad, Prune Sponge, Cup Cakes.	*Breakfast* Canned Pineapple, Whole Cereal, Broiled Honeycomb Tripe, Corn Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Corn Chowder, Toasted Crackers, Green Salad, Apricot Shortcake, Tea. *Dinner* Emergency Soup (Left- Overs), Hamburg Loaf, Riced Potatoes, Creamed Green Peppers, Steamed Custard, Fruit Sauce.	*Breakfast* Bananas, Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef on Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Spaghetti Italienne, Baking Powder Biscuit, Lemon Sherbet, Tea. *Dinner* Cold Hamburg Loaf, Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Beans, Green Bouquet Salad, Chives Dressing, Chocolate Blanc Mange.	*Breakfast* Apricots, Cereal, Calf's Liver, Broiled Bacon, Graham Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Toasted Club Sandwiches, Frozen Bread or Baked Indian Pudding, Cream, Spiced Tea. *Dinner* Spinach Soup, Sliced Ham, Parsley Potato Balls, Home Made Relish, Apple Sauce Layer Cake.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Cereal, Small Sausage Balls, Buckwheat Cakes, Coffee. *Luncheon* Mexican Rarebit, Toast, Prune Jelly, Orange Sauce, Tea. *Dinner* Creole Fish Chowder, Crackers, Vegetable Salad, Lemon Ice or Sliced Pineapple Bavarian.	*Breakfast* Oatmeal, Baked Bacon, Popovers, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Macaroni or Eggplant Savory, Celery, Rolls, Tea. *Dinner* Lamb Chops with Green Peppers or Corn Puffs, Rice Timbales, Asparagus, Endive and Paprika Cheese Balls, French Dressing, Rhubarb with Marshmallow Sauce.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Plain Omelet, English Muffins, Coffee. *Dinner* Chicken Pie with Biscuit Crust, Boiled Potatoes, Glazed Carrots, Tomato Jelly and Lettuce Salad, Chives French Dressing, Banana Sherbet. *Supper* Molded Cream Cheese Salad with Sliced Oranges and Dates, Brown Bread, Cocoa.

Cleans Twice as Fast
OLD DUTCH
GOES TWICE AS FAR!

MADE WITH
SEISMOTITE....
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SOFT FLAKY PARTICLES THAT COVER MORE SURFACE AND GET ALL THE DIRT—WITHOUT SCRATCHING

Try this Marvelous New Laundry Help
STARCH in CUBES





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SAVES IRONING TIME...NO STICKING, NO WAXING
FINER FINISH...NO SCORCHING, NO STREAKS

You will never be satisfied with old-fashioned starches after you try the new Starch Cubes. Imagine always being *sure* of having a starch solution that gives just the stiffness you desire ...that gives your clothes that extra-fine "new" finish you admire. Imagine the pleasure of ironing shirts, curtains, dresses and *never* having your iron stick—*never* stopping for wax or paraffin. What a lot of precious time and energy you can save, starching this *new* way. Try the modern starch—Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes—Now. It costs no more. And be sure to ask your grocer about the special introductory offer below. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.

GET THIS CHILDREN'S PARTY BOOK FREE

Special Offer for Limited Time Only—to have you try Staley's Starch Cubes NOW! See details below

Here's grand fun for the children *and for you*—on "party" day and every day. A delightful new book containing invitations, games, menus, recipes, decorations—ideas for unusual children's parties for all occasions. All new and inexpensive. Also a special section on everyday pastimes for children—riddles, jokes, rainy-day entertainment and bedtime fun. And this valuable book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE with two one-pound or four half-pound packages of the new Staley's Cube Starch. Quantities are limited. Your grocer can supply you with BOTH the Children's Party Book and Staley's Gloss Starch Cubes.

Your Grocer has STALEY'S GLOSS STARCH CUBES

Baked Ham

CAREFULLY scrub and wash ham. Then bring to boiling point in water, apple cider, ginger ale or water flavored with canned pineapple juice and simmer until tender, allowing about 30 minutes to each pound. Let stand until cold. Skin. Score by barely cutting through the fat diagonally, making diamonds. Make a paste of 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon ground dry mustard and enough apple vinegar to make smooth. Spread evenly over the surface of the ham, having fat side up. Pour part of the liquor reserved from boiling around it and bake in an uncovered roasting pan in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit, for 1 hour or until browned.

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A Million Happy Owners say "Plymouth Builds Great Cars"

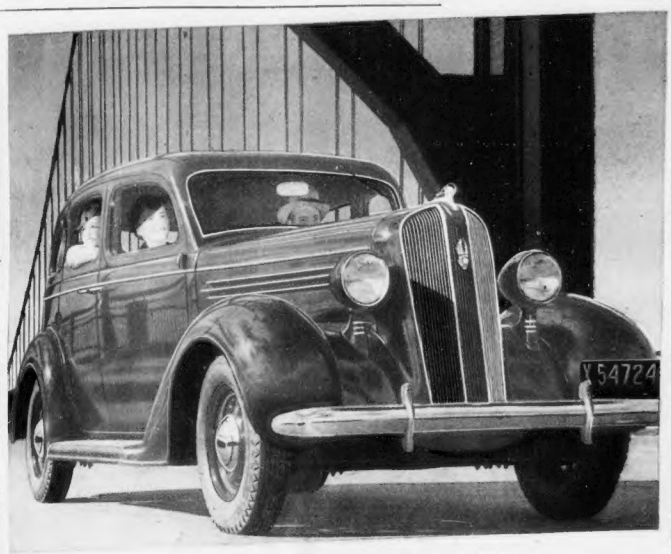
HERE ARE EVERYDAY EXPERIENCES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

5,500 AIR HOURS taught Pilot Garza A. Wooton, Dallas, Tex., about motors. Plymouth's economy...and vibrationless Floating Power...sold him quick.

"I'VE GOT TO HAVE HYDRAULIC BRAKES," says Robert Greene, auto driving school, White Plains, N.Y. "Beginners need a safe car...I teach them in a Plymouth."

WASHINGTON CAB DRIVERS PROVE Plymouth costs less to run. 30% of all the Capital's low-rate cabs are Plymouths ...easier on gas, oil and upkeep, drivers and owners agree.

"NO JOB FOR A TENDERFOOT CAR," say Frank and Graham Witherspoon, live-stock commission agents, Kansas City, Mo...who drive 6,000 miles a month in their Plymouth.



Everywhere they Report 18 to 24 Miles Per Gallon...call it America's Most Economical Car ...declare it's the Safest Low-priced Car in the World

AMERICA IS SWINGING to Plymouth! More and more people are looking at "All Three"... driving and comparing...and deciding that only Plymouth has *all* the qualities they want.

On country roads and city streets everywhere, this big new Plymouth is proving its right to the title, "Most economical full-size car"... averaging from 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas ...phenomenally easy on oil...keeping upkeep and repair costs 'way down. A million happy owners *know* Plymouth costs less to run.

Safety is in everybody's mind...today's traffic demands genuine hydraulic brakes and a Safety-Steel body. Plymouth's 100% hydraulic brakes are always equalized...always stop you smoothly and quickly, straight ahead. Plymouth's Safety-Steel body not only provides real protection...but is also quieter, longer-lived and less expensive to keep up.

On comfort, Plymouth has always urged, "Let the Ride Decide." With extra room for legs, elbows and shoulders...soft, chair-height seats that let you relax and rest...balanced weight distribution and balanced spring action, front and rear...front-end sway-eliminator that keeps the car steady on curves...Plymouth's Floating Ride will spoil you for any other low-priced car.

Another thing on which Plymouth owners are unanimous: Plymouth stands up...it's a car you can always rely on. Compare it with other low-priced cars and you'll be amazed by the list of long-life, reliability features...which Plymouth alone has.

Take one of these beautiful 1936 Plymouths out on the road...drive it...ride in it. Check up for yourself on its economy...safety...comfort ...reliability. Find out how easy it is to handle ...how luxuriously it rides. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange a test.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Insist on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Available through all PLYMOUTH Dealers

You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance.

To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in.

Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

"I NURSED ENGINES AT THE SOUTH POLE," says Paul Swan, Aircraft Engineer with Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition. "What I know about engines sold me a new Plymouth."

"1,000 TEXAS MILES A WEEK! I make it comfortably, safely, without trouble in my Plymouth!" says this manager of 22 Texas cotton gins, G. H. McDonald, Abilene.

"I RENT 'EM ALL—BUT PLYMOUTH LEADS," declares A. J. Towar, head of Detroit's Drive-It-Yourself, "Plymouth costs less to run, is safer, and most asked for."

"I'VE PUT 'ALL THREE' OVER THE BUMPS—and Plymouth is my choice," says N. P. Condry, oil-field supervisor, Tex. "I get 23 miles per gallon of gas!"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS